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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 117.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 28, 1906 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

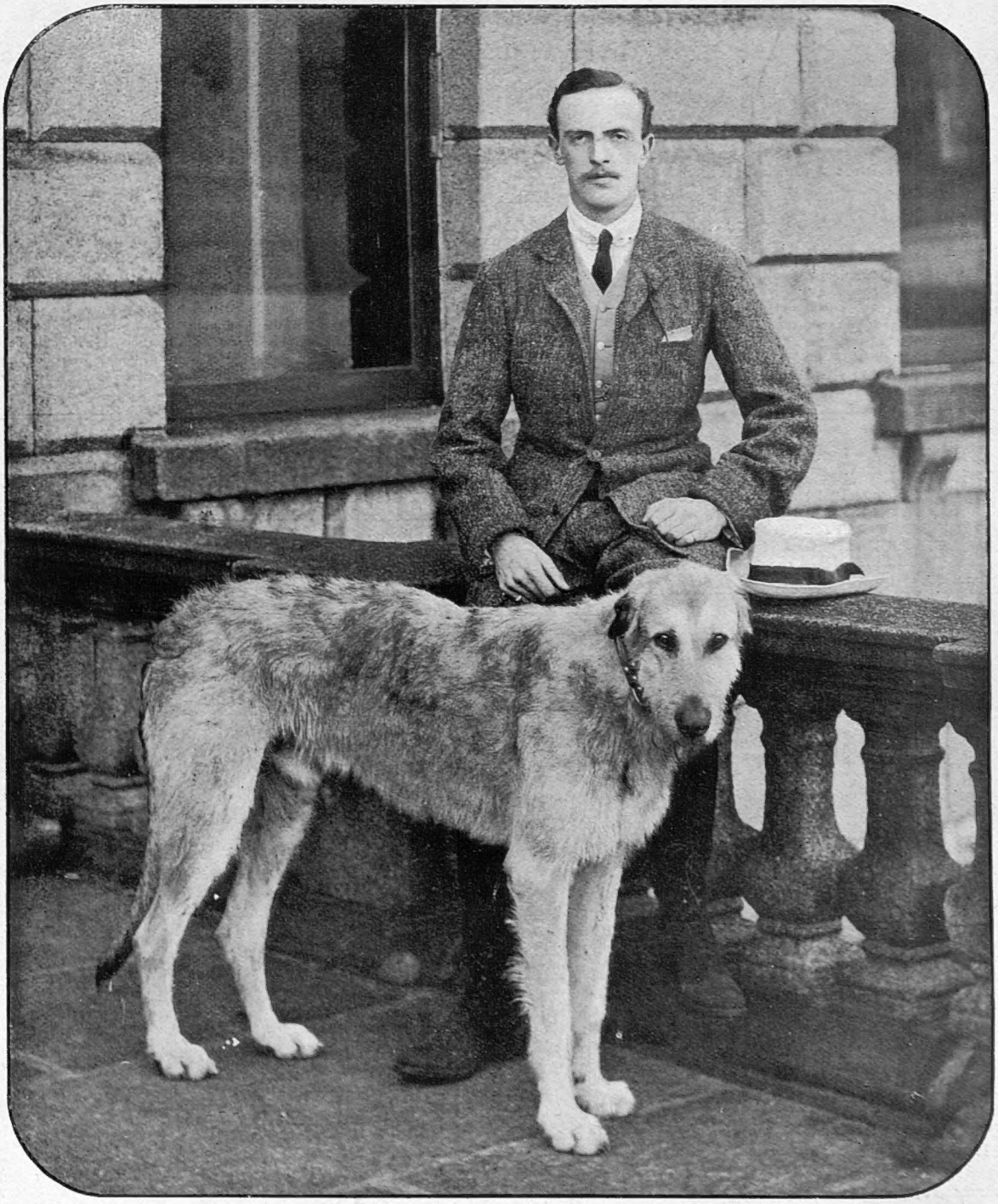

Photo *Lafayette*

Viscount Powerscourt

Who has just been made Comptroller of the Household of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Until the Castle festivities commence, Lord and Lady Powerscourt are staying at their beautiful place at Enniskerry, where they recently received a deputation of their tenantry in honour of the birth of their little son, now nearly six months old

N. 117 —Vol. IX. Wednesday, February 28, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"The High Toby." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Deep Sea's Toll." By James H. Connolly. (Bickers and Son: 6s.)

"The Mystery of the Shadow." By Fergus Hume. (Cassell and Co.: 3s. 6d.)

"For Life and After." By George R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Memoirs of Archbishop Temple." By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford. (Macmillan: 2 vols, 36s. net.)

"Rome." By Eustace Reynolds Ball. (A. and C. Black: 2s. 6d.)

"The Nile Quest." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Nature's Story of the Year." By G. A. Witchell. (Fisher Unwin: 2s.)

"Handbook of Practical Cookery." By Matilda Lees Dods. (Eyre and Spottiswoode: 1s. 6d. net.)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
February 28, 1906

Alas! Poor Imprah!

I had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Quamina Imprah, but I was sorry to see this account of his untimely death in the *Gold Coast Leader*. He seems to have been a rash, adventurous spirit, not bound down by narrow rules. I give his obituary notice *in extenso*:—

The death of Quamina Imprah which took place on Tuesday 16th, is worthy of note. The cause of his death is due to his being very familiar to drink. The deceased drank a quantity of rum, and immediately afterwards served his corporal stove in such a manner which resulted in a nap taking. For some space of an hour he was seen struggling on the bed physicians were called but none could boast of success. And a quarter to 3, his stamina failed and life was extinct.

Poor Quamina Imprah! How many of us have suffered from the fact that our "corporal stoves" and "stamina" fainted, by the way, just when we were on the verge of some great burst of enjoyment. I am afraid, poor Imprah, that you were much too "familiar to drink," but I could wish that one of the physicians called in had been able to boast of success. Some great sorrow possibly turned your thoughts to drink, and I should imagine that this curt chronicler of your wayward end finished what rum you left before he took up his pen.

* * *

From America

It is only when I sit down and read the American papers that I realise how much America has to unlearn before it will be a fit place for a self-respecting human being to live in. The charming reticence and delicacy, for instance, of this heading from the *Pittsburg Express* needs no comment:—

BABY'S HAIR RED, PA'S BLACK, MA'S BROWN;
PA CAN'T UNDERSTAND, ASKS DIVORCE.

In this effete country we may be dull, but we try not to be as "snappy" and attractive as this in our newspaper headlines.

At the Grand Opera, A.D. 1200

"It's all right, my dear—I've got the tickets, but—I can't remember which slash I put them in"

The Appreciation of Perceval

There is a paragraph in our excellent contemporary, *London Opinion*, which runs as follows:—

I have been seeing the opening of Parliament by King Edward, and I am impressed. Not by Parliament, be it known; I am not so young as to reverence an institution which, though respectable by reason of its age, has never quite recovered from Oliver Cromwell. But I was struck and charmed by the grace and dignity of state in which the King appeared. I like colour, and if there is to be grandeur, I like it to be lavish, to see scarlet and gold in plenty, and to hear great titles poured out on it. . . . I like survivals; I," etc., and many more I's.

It is headed, "Perceval Gibbon Approves of the King," and bears a reproduction of the former gentleman's autograph. The King's approval, or otherwise, of Perceval Gibbon has not yet been ascertained. If, however, it should be as complete as is the faithful Perceval's of His Majesty, surely he should, at once, become Sir Perceval? And we can almost hear the King, as he performs the ceremony, humming to himself the exquisite song:

The knight has a thousand "I's."

* * *

The End of Pigeon Shooting

A sign of the change that has come over the spirit of sport in our days is the judgment by Mr. Justice Joyce, endorsing the legality of the resolution of the Hurlingham Club abolishing pigeon shooting. "Times and manners had changed," said his lordship. "People were more humane, and many not irrational persons considered the practice of pigeon shooting from traps to be a barbarous pastime." With this sentiment, THE BYSTANDER and, we feel sure, all lovers of true sport will agree. The pastime might have been regarded as a manly one in the days of the formation of the Hurlingham Club, but in these days we favour sport of a more ambitious and creditable kind than the "potting" of trapped birds.

The Peerage and the Stage

(A Corner in the Smoking-room of the Minerva Club)

LADY SOPHIA DOLDRUM—29; one of the five unmarried daughters of the Duke of Carfax.

MISS ANSTRUTHER—39; eldest daughter of Maj.-Gen. Dicey-Anstruther, V.C., D.S.O., C.V.O.

LADY PETTIFER—30; widow of Sir Capel Pettifer, a younger son, who had a passion for the stage.

MISS MIGGLESWADE—20; a young person who feels that she has a vocation but is not quite sure what it is, so, in the meantime, studies life in ladies' clubs.

"It is becoming quite a serious thing," said Lady Sophia Doldrum.

"Class should marry into class," said Miss Anstruther.

"And no class into no class," said Lady Pettifer, who was inclined to be flippant.

"One could understand their marrying American girls," continued Lady Sophia. "They're so odd, and lively, and rich, but actresses——"

"You must remember," said Lady Pettifer, "that they always marry actresses who can't act. Perhaps that's a point in their favour, or isn't it?"

"I notice particularly," said Miss Anstruther, primly, "that when what they call a Gibson girl brings an action against her manager, the manager says she is not an actress, but if she marries a peer, the manager admits that she is an actress at once."

"And promptly puts another one in the window," said Lady Pettifer. "They do dress their windows well at these musical theatres. I suppose someone gets a commission on every sale—I mean match."

"I see someone has been saying," said Miss Anstruther, "that we are too mannish, and pay so much attention to our clubs and smoking-rooms that we neglect our homes and our self-respect."

"How can we neglect our homes when we haven't got any?" said Lady Sophia. "You can't call the pater's house exactly a home. It's more like a badly managed hotel."

"It really is very annoying," said Lady Pettifer, sipping her tea. "We always used to be able to comfort ourselves with the blessed thought that actresses were frightfully immoral, sinful, attractive things with horrid pasts, and now we are being robbed of that illusion—they say we are worse than they are. I really shouldn't have thought we were. We are so dull."

"I suppose we are dull," said Miss Miggleswade.

"Girls should be dull," said Lady Sophia. "It's modest."

"The real trouble is this," said Miss Anstruther, "and I'm sure I wonder that no one has called attention to it before—it's the fault of the censor. He should never have allowed these plays with their outrageous attacks on Society. I don't know Mr. Sutro, but I do know that the *Walls of Jericho* ought to have fallen on him. If we have certain class privileges, they should not be exposed on the stage. People thought quite well of us until these absurd Society plays came along. I should like to show up actresses on the stage."

"I thought they did it themselves," said Lady Pettifer sweetly. "That's where they get the pull on us. You can always wear on the stage exactly what suits you. Now, if I were to wear exactly the style of dress that suits me, and nothing else, I should create a sensation. No woman, in fact, would speak to me."

"It's so difficult to be natural," said Miss Miggleswade.

"It's impossible, my dear," said Lady Pettifer, "and when it isn't impossible it's very bad form."

"Acting," said Lady Sophia, "has a horrible effect on the temperament. It ruins character. It gives people flabby consciences, and makes them exaggerate all their emotions. It saps the underlying backbone which is the foundation of moral character and the pivot of the pure British home."

"Oh, yes, it does," said Miss Miggleswade.

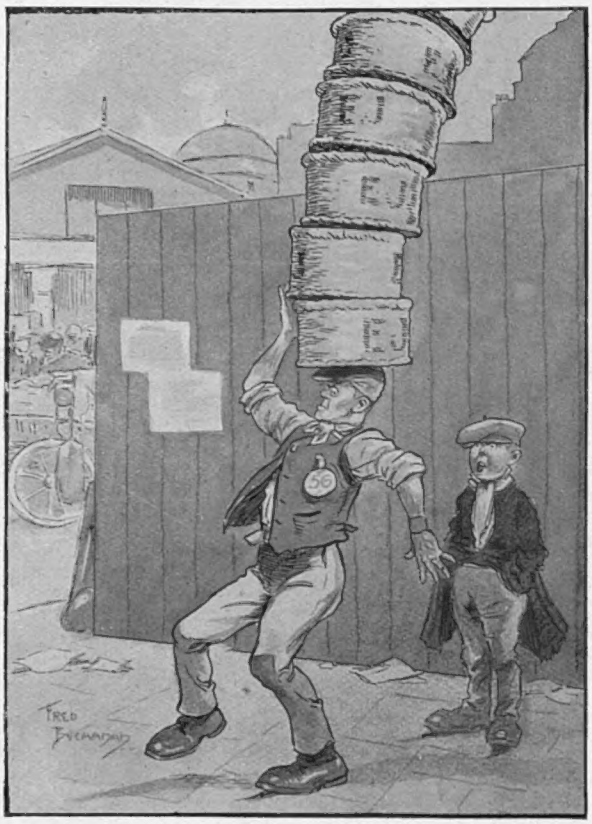
"Well," said Lady Pettifer, "we musn't stay here all day. Remember, we've got to arrange the theatricals for the Charity Bazaar. My suggestion is that we play either Pinero's *The Amazons* or Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*. Those nice leather leggings are awfully becoming."

"But," said Miss Miggleswade, "if we think as we do about acting and actresses—ought we to act even for a charity."

"You dear, silly thing," said Lady Sophia, "we don't really act; we are Society amateurs."

"But what is the moral difference," persisted Miss Miggleswade.

"You should ask the author of the play we produce," said Lady Pettifer, sweetly, as the little group dispersed.



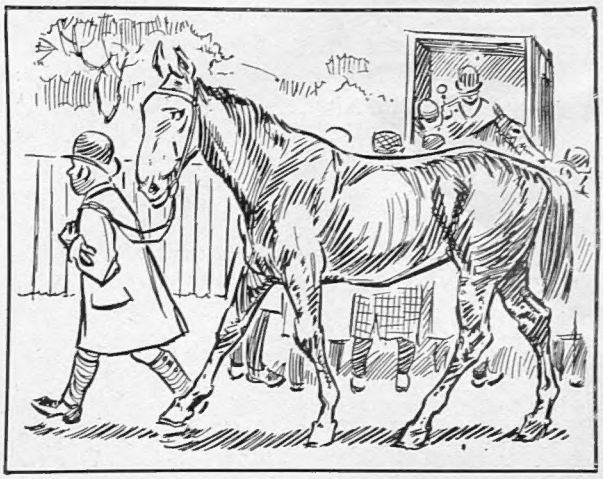
At Covent Garden Market

OFFICIOUS URCHIN: "Nah den, guvnor, don't get messin' abart. Git under 'em!"

The Topictator

Rival Bobbies

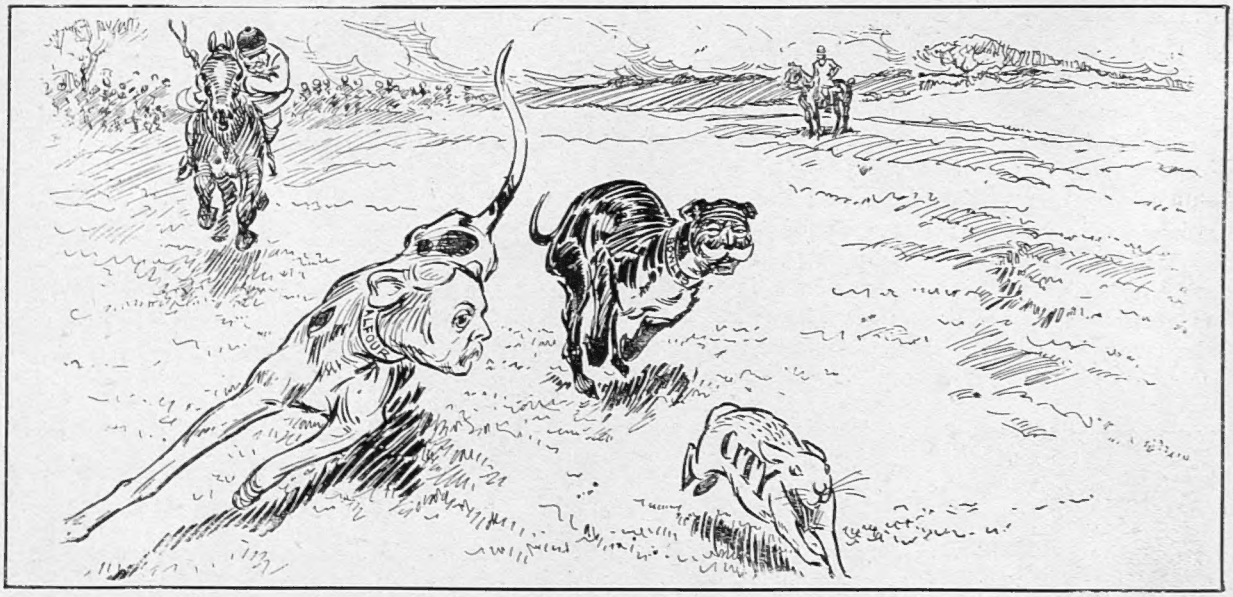
Or who shall look after him?



"Unregarded age in corners thrown"

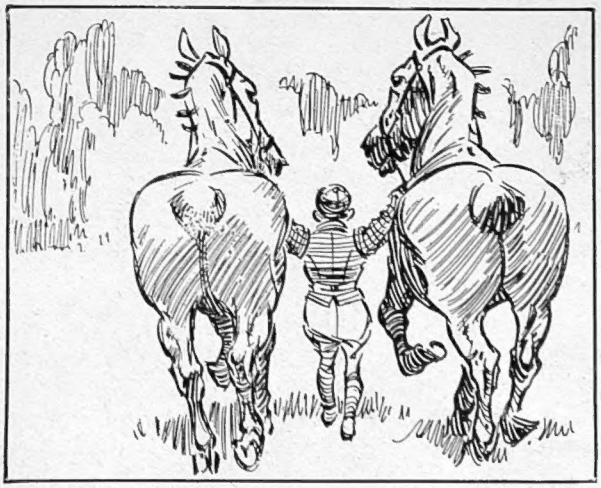
—(As You Like It)

The nineteen-year-old Burnaby, who won the Cesarewitch in 1892, was sold at Warwick for 19 guineas



His Waterloo—or His Sedan

THE HINDERDOG: "*All right*—don't excite yourself. I'm not trying"



From the polo pony's point of view

(Pigeon shooting at Hurlingham has been abolished)

TALAVERA to BADAJOZ; "Hooray! Now, perhaps, those Ranelagh chaps will stop their sneering!"

Déclassé

(Complaints of rowdyism at Association football matches are painfully frequent nowadays)

THE SPHERE: "Can I help it? As a game, I'm every bit as good as they are"

The influence of the Labour Members is already beginning to be felt outside Parliament. The Lambeth Council are engaging upon levelling work.

* * *

Lord Wimborne, until recently a supporter of the Unionist cause in the House of Lords, has now gone over to the other side. Both he and his son, the Member for Cardiff, are thus *Guests* of the (Liberal) Party.

* * *

An article in *C. B. Fry's Magazine* states that Mr. Winston Churchill's favourite recreation is polo, but that he has also made "quite a sensation as a fencer." The latter statement has, we understand, given considerable offence to Mr. Churchill, who points out—and justly—that as soon as the fiscal question was raised, he declared for Free Trade.

* * *

Mr. Franklin Thomasson and the proprietors of the *Tribune* seem determined to make the flesh of Fleet Street creep. The old place and Bouverie Street, its sombre satellite, scarcely knew themselves on Saturday evening, when the *Tribune's* political rendezvous was formally opened. Carriages, cabs, and motors, occupied by festive-looking men and women, rattled over the narrow course of the latter, depositing their charges in a building from which came "sounds of revelry by night," "music with its voluptuous swell," etc., etc. Inside, the spacious offices had been transformed by the aid of floral and other devices, and mirrors, into a place enchanted, and if the merriment was interrupted by one or two speeches—from Mr. Thomasson, Lord Fitzmaurice, the Right Hon. Thomas Shaw, Lord Coleridge, and Mr. T. Gibson Bowles—these were, generally, of such a happy and humorous nature, especially in the latter case, as to add to, rather than detract from, the festivities. THE BYSTANDER offers its heartiest congratulations to the *Tribune*, and best wishes for the success of its "rendezvous."

* * *

"The Swish is Father to the Taught"

Being some reflections upon

THE PASSING OF THE BIRCH.

[*By a Ship's Boy.*]

So, brine-dipped regulation birch, adieu !
We've done wi' you !
No more the bo's'un shall, our souls ter clarify,
Our bodies scarify.
The cane, too, bugbear o' Britannia's ships,
Suffers eclipse :
An', so ter speak, o' sin's due retribution
There's diminution.

Tho' even CAPT'IN 'ERVEY was the victim
Of one as licked 'im :
An' tho' 'e told the Commons, with emotion,
It brought promotion :
Yet SWIFT MACNEILL 'ad aye a feller-feelin'
When we was squealin' ;
So thanks ter 'im and 'is orations polished,
Floggin' 's abolished.

The "good ole times," my lads, an' "trainin' Spartan,"
Are gone, fer sartin,
No more we'll get, fer sayin' "blowed" or "busted,"
Our jackets dusted ;
An' we can cheek, as cool as any ph'losipher,
A bloomin' ossifer,
An' never care a dang about "our duties"—
Wot 'o ! my beauties !

Photo] **The Marquis and Marchioness Townshend driving out last Sunday** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The Marquis Townshend remains a prisoner under Lunacy Law in his own house in the custody of his wife. The Dowager Marchioness has issued a vigorous protest against the allegation that her son is mad. She is using every endeavour to effect the release of the Marquis

The Marchioness Townshend

Who has been granted the custody of her husband by the Lunacy Commissioners. Before her marriage, which took place six months ago, the Marchioness was Miss Gladys Sutherst, daughter of a barrister. It is on the petition of his father-in-law that the Marquis Townshend is sequestrated at his residence, 45, Brook Street

THE PLAYHOUSES

HOWEVER conscientious a man may be in the discharge of his duty, he finds grumbling a hateful task. Sometimes I imagine the critics' heaven to be a place where there are few musical comedies and no indifferent plays, and, consequently, no opportunities for grumbling. This week things are of the Earth earthy. Grumble No. 1 concerns the hundredth performance of *Mr. Popple of Ippleton* at the Apollo. It was most kind of the management to send me seats upon this noteworthy occasion. I would give much to be able to retaliate in kind by a sincerely meant compliment to the wares they have provided. For what I have to remark about the play, perhaps the uncomfortable conditions under which I witnessed it afford the explanation. I do not know that stalls in the back row are narrower than stalls in other rows, but they seem narrower. Moreover, their exceeding narrowness is borne upon one after a desperate scramble over the knees of too, too early arrivals. I have learned all about the expenses of running theatres from the wails of managers who, as Mr. Tree happily puts it, wear their balance-sheets on their sleeves, but still their frantic efforts to make ends meet need not compress the poor playgoer into a jelly.

* * *

AS for the piece, it might even be worse than it is, and yet be worth a visit for the sake of Mr. G. P. Huntley. But eliminating Mr. G. P. Huntley, Miss Ethel Irving, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and Miss Coralie Blythe, who, without exception, are excellent in very weak parts, the less said about Mr. Popple the better. One had hoped for better things from Mr. Paul Rubens, who is always promising if he does not fulfil. The music is tuneless, and without the slightest melody that catches. As for the various characters, who fritter away the time when we would fain see Mr. Huntley or Miss Irving, they not only earn our contempt but our annoyance. Two *bourgeois* husbands, both *roués*, with two jealous *bourgeoise* wives; youths who wear impossible clothes and make pathetic efforts to pose as "bloods," poor choruses, and indifferent singing. Can no one sing? one is tempted to ask, after a round of the Musical Comedy Theatres. However, G. P. Huntley is such a marvellous actor, and so funny withal, that he atones for much.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. E. Harcourt Williams

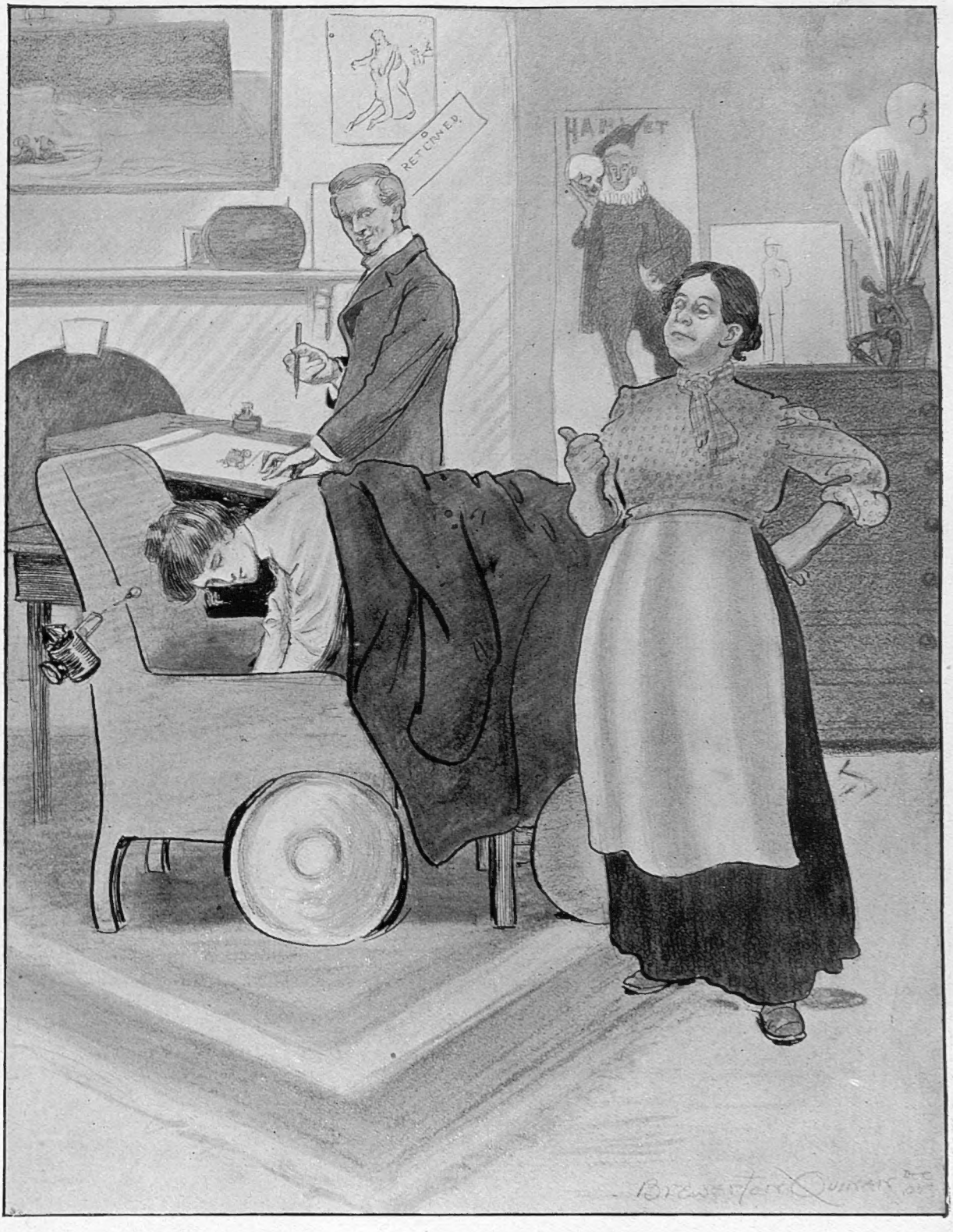
A young actor who has already made his mark in Shakespearean rôles. Mr. Williams, the Romeo, be it remembered, of the long run of *Romeo and Juliet* in Manchester last year, is now playing in *The Youngest of the Angels* at the Court, and later will be seen at the Adelphi in *Measure for Measure*

GRUMBLE No. 2 concerns *The Little Stranger* at the Criterion Theatre. Turn to page 421 and you will find four photographs of Master Edward Garratt, aged sixteen, in his baby clothes. In the letterpress I express my unbounded admiration for his very wonderful gift for comedy. At the same time his peculiarities of speech, appearance, and size do not fit him for the position of central figure in a three-act play. As the subject of a farcical sketch on the halls, yes; upon the boards of a theatre, no. The "freak" element should be entirely eliminated from the stage. By "freak" I mean no disrespect to Master Edward Garratt. The word is employed to represent any extraordinary and illegitimate means, apart from the play, of inducing the public to flock to a theatre. At one time there was a rage in America for extraordinary combinations in the making up of a cast. There it was once proposed that Sarah Bernhardt should play Romeo to Miss Maude Adams's Juliet. This was a "freak" cast. In the same way, Master Garratt is a freak performer, and is out of his element on the boards of a theatre. The play, written to exploit his humorosities (a freak word is in place here) is not worth commenting upon.

* * *

DISAPPOINTING is *The Alabaster Staircase* in so far as, having a political background, its politics fail to interest in the faintest degree. The Prime Minister scores a hit when he falls down the alabaster staircase and bumps his head in such wise that he suddenly turns from Tory to Radical. Not so the playwright. This fantastic idea quite fails in its purpose. The audience treat the political element respectfully, but quite without enthusiasm. Indeed, the unreality of the notion communicates itself to the actors, and makes them half-hearted in the delivery of their lines. This is very noticeable in the case of Mr. Hare, who, unfortunately for himself, has to bear the burden of the politics. But if Sir John Abbotsford is sawdust, the Duke of Ranelagh and his gourmandising mamma are very much flesh and blood. The two latter characters, as played by Mr. A. E. Matthews and Miss Lottie Venne, represent the very cream of light comedy, and were evolved by Captain Robert Marshall when in his very best vein.

Humours of Studio Life



FROM HER OWN EXPERIENCE

CHARWOMAN (*to Mr. Dawber, whose wife is posing as an electric brougham*): "Caught yer ill-treatin' and torturin' yer unfortunate wife. Poor dear; and won't I tell what I knows when she takes yer before the magistrite! That's all!

DRAWN BY BREWSTON QUINAN

ROUND THE TOWN

Spring's Earliest Visit

February went out well. Its last Sunday was a dream. Following a cold, wet Saturday afternoon, it was the year's first suggestion of Spring. The green of the Park was very, very green, the birds sang with all the confidence that is inspired by an appreciative audience, and the dancing daffodil had already made its début, though, as yet, there was no suggestion of Spring in the Church Parade costumes. But we must not expect the joyous season too soon. Suffice it to say that on Sunday, for once, the weather was a topic worthy of agreeable discussion, and that is saying a lot!

* * *

The Townshend Puzzle

Next to the weather, the talk of the hour is all of the amazing *affaire* Townshend. The supposed "sequestration" of the Marquis in his own house, under the care of his recently married wife, for nearly a month, on the ground of alleged lunacy, is certainly an extraordinary occurrence, with a distinctly melodramatic flavour about it. According to medical evidence, the Marquis is perfectly sane. His incarceration has caused great annoyance to the Dowager Marchioness, and is described by one of the medical men consulted as an "outrage" on an "educated, intelligent man who has neither hallucinations nor delusions." The outcome of the affair is being awaited with keen interest, to the detriment of political and all other topics.

* * *

"The Caneless Conductor," M. Safonoff

Though hailed as a novelty, M. Safonoff, who conducted a Queen's Hall Symphony Concert on Thursday last without a bâton, using, instead, his hands and his ten fingers to convey to his orchestra the needed *tempi* and shades of expression, is about as "novel" as a man who uses his fingers instead of his fork for food. The bâton, like the fork, is an arbitrary concession to refinement, and belongs to the age of dandyism in music. For ages before it came in, the hand was the method of conveying time and expression, and who can deny that it has advantages unknown to the bâton? M. Safonoff conveys instructions to his men by a jerk of the thumb, a snap of the finger, by pawing or pummelling the air, that are as superior in expressive power to those conveyed by the stick as is a picture to a diagram.

Signs of Spring: Daffodils in Earl Brownlow's gardens at Ashridge Park, Berkhamsted, Herts

Scandal and the German Press

Love Story of the Kaiser's Next Daughter-in-Law

The engagement of the Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Frederic, to Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, only daughter of the Grand Duke Frederic Augustus of Oldenburg, has given rise to so many conflicting reports, so interesting and in some cases so sensational in character, that a plain statement of the facts of the case appears desirable. It has been stated, for instance, that the Kaiser's son has contracted a *mésalliance* on account of the various rumours and scandals connected with his fiancée's name. The fact that her name has been associated with an old scandal is due to no fault of her own, but to the malice of irresponsible German newspapers, which gave publicity to absolutely unjustified insinuations about her attachment to her father's aide-de-camp, Baron von Plettenberg, a young German nobleman, who was as handsome and chivalrous as he was poor. The Baron was as much in love with Duchess Sophie Charlotte as she was with him, and it is probable that at one time he entertained hopes that the objections to their marriage would eventually be overcome.

Photo *Amy Cassels*
Miss Milner (daughter of Sir F. Milner)
Who has just become engaged to Capt. Edward York, of the Royal Dragoons

Baron von Plettenberg's conduct was irreproachable. When the Grand Duke summoned him and taxed him with an attachment to Duchess Sophie Charlotte, he explained his own feelings and hope in plain honest language. When Grand Duke Frederic Augustus made it clear to him that the continuation of the attachment was undesirable, he, too, sacrificed his own inclinations and ambitions to his sense of moral duty. He agreed that it would be better for him to quit the Court of Oldenburg and to leave Germany, and the Grand Duke, on his side, exercised his influence to procure the young nobleman remunerative employment in the service of the North German Lloyd Company. Baron von Plettenberg proceeded to Boston, and has resided in America ever since.

Prince Eitel Frederic of Prussia and his fiancée, the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg

The announcement of this engagement has revived the story of Duchess Sophie's previous attachment to her father's aide-de-camp, Baron von Plettenberg. A section of the German Press behaved very discreditably in working up a harmless affair into a scandal

Democracy and Diamonds

A prominent German newspaper, edited by Dr. Eugene Sierke, published on September 23, 1903, a communication dated from Lübeck, in which various insinuations regarding Duchess Sophie Charlotte's moral character were veiled in language, the meaning of which was unmistakable although guarded. The Government of Oldenburg thereupon summoned the Prussian Public Prosecutor to take action against the newspaper on a charge of criminal libel against Duchess Sophie Charlotte. The trial took place on June 20, 1904, at Brunswick, and the editor of the paper, Dr. Sierke, appeared in the dock to answer to the criminal charge.

After the Public Prosecutor had pleaded for his conviction, Dr. Sierke himself addressed the Court, and denied that he had had any intention of insulting the Duchess. He had offered all possible compensation to the Court of Oldenburg, and had applied for an audience with the Grand Duke in order personally to apologise for any misunderstanding which might have arisen from his publication. The Court, however, regarded Dr. Sierke's defence as inadequate, and sentenced him to four months' imprisonment, while Duchess Sophie Charlotte was given the right of publishing the verdict in all the leading papers in Germany. These legal proceedings placed beyond all doubt the authenticity of the reports of the relations between the Duchess and Baron von Plettenberg, and at the same time proved with absolute finality that those relations were strictly honourable, and in no respect whatever discreditable to either party.

Duchess Sophie Charlotte has outlived her youthful attachment to an inferior in rank and station, and will make a genuine love match in marrying Prince Eitel Frederic.

* * *

"Empty" London is Filling Up

London is filling up rapidly, and even the house agents are satisfied at the way houses are letting. A welcome addition to the ranks of Conservative hostesses is Lady Desborough, who has taken a house in Grosvenor Square, and intends to spend there all the time she can spare away from her beloved Taplow Court on the river. Lady Desborough's week-end parties at the latter place are famous; the King, when at Windsor, constantly motors over on a Sunday afternoon. The house-parties generally begin on May 1 and go on without a break until the end of July. Another lady who intends to spend a good part of the season in London is Baroness von Eckhardstein, daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple. It will be remembered that she inherited her father's vast fortune only on condition that she resided a portion of the year in England. Not a very irksome condition, one would think, when it is possible to choose one's season, for there are many worse places to live in than London between April and July.

Photo Lallie Charles
Lady Desborough
A prominent Conservative hostess

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street
Baroness von Eckhardstein
Daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, whose fortune she receives on condition that she resides a portion of the year in England

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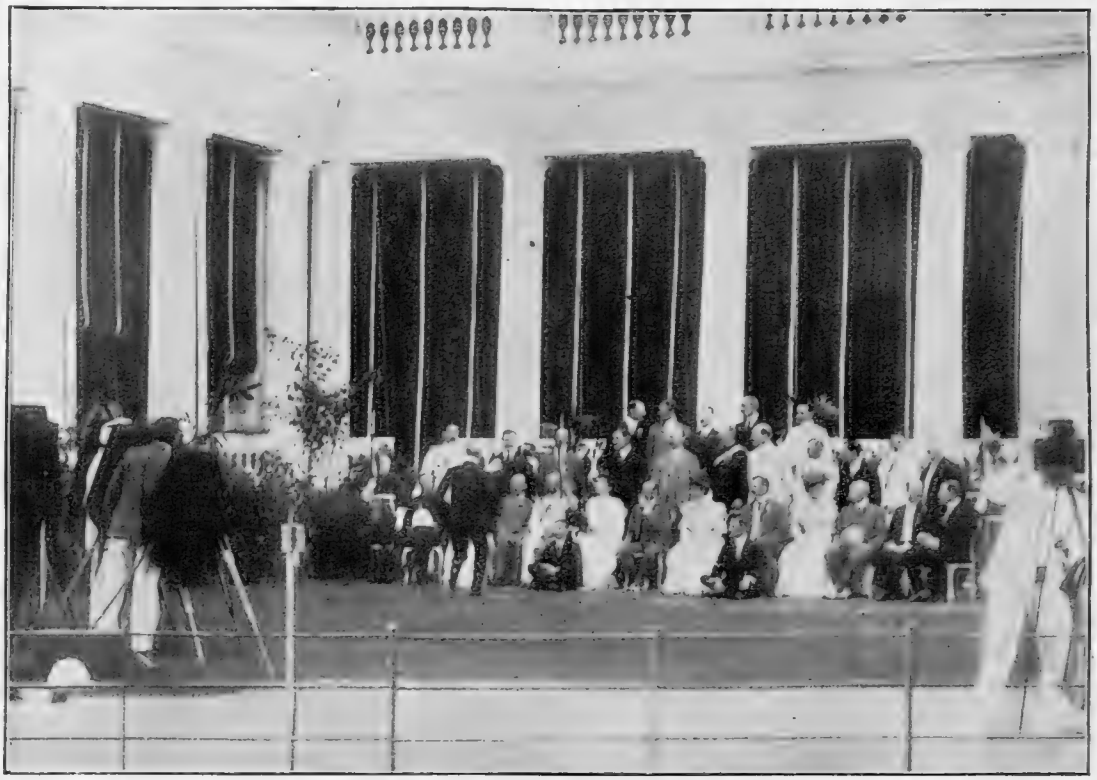
Labour Resents Diamonds

Since the opening of Parliament, which brought so many people to town, the restaurants and theatres have begun to look quite festive again, in spite of the Court mourning, which, after all, provides a splendid background for diamonds. By-the-by, I am not at all sure that it is wise to blaze with diamonds at political functions just now. I am quite sure the Labour Party, or, at any rate, their wives, will take it amiss. If they don't openly remonstrate, they will hide the remembrance in their hearts, and then, when the income-tax is readjusted in accordance with Mr. Shaw's Socialist ideas—*i.e.* 19*s.* in the £ on unearned increment—they will tax the unfortunate husband of the "blazer" to the bitter bitter end. If I were a woman though, and possessed either unearned increment or diamonds, I should put my whole trust in Mr. Keir Hardie (by the way, there is a picture in this number of the hon. gentleman's rather picturesque little house in Fetter Lane or thereabouts), for I see he wishes the Government to deal vigorously with the "scandal and disgrace of treating a woman, because she was a woman, in the same manner as our paupers, our criminals, and our peers." (Laughter.) So perhaps he will not cause the alleged donors of the diamonds to be taxed so unmercifully after all!

Persecution of the Prince by Photographers



Resigned to the Inevitable: The Royal group being posed in front of Government House, Madras

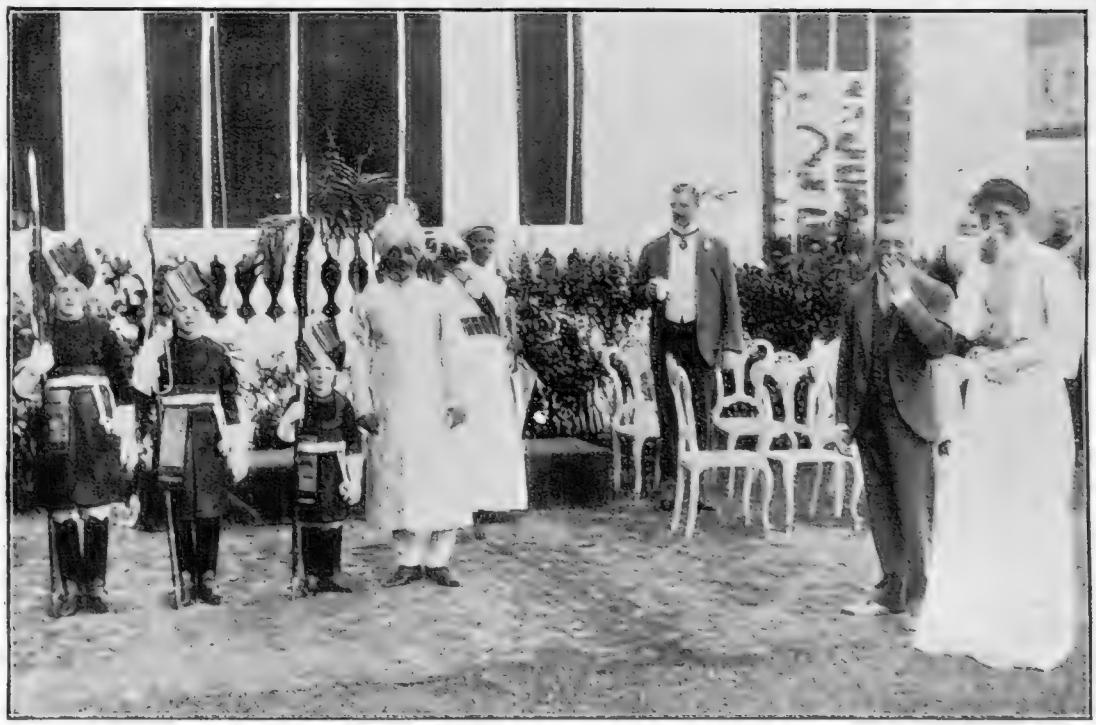


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Prince of Wales smiles at the photographer

Next to the Prince, and as much amused as he, is Lady Ampthill, wife of the Governor of Madras. Lord Ampthill is in the background towards the right, while his three little sons are on the left, dressed as native soldiers

Beauty, Brains, and "Stage" Marriages

Photographers and Royalties

The King, in his speech from the Throne (which, by-the-by, he really read beautifully, even the R's coming out satisfactorily), referred quite touchingly to the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales are still dutifully pursuing their weary way through India. The Prince was very disappointed at having to give up, owing to the cholera scare, his shooting trip in Nepal; probably the photographic persecution to which he and the Princess have been subjected during their tour has, at last, got on his nerves, and he hoped during this trip to escape them, as, indeed, he would have done, for no Pressmen or photographers were to be allowed to accompany the shooting-party.

The Prince and Princess have really enjoyed themselves in Madras. Lord and Lady Ampthill are their personal friends, and they have thoroughly appreciated the absence of formality and the increased freedom their stay in the Presidency has given them. Both Lord and Lady Ampthill are charming people, and the former was immensely popular as Viceroy *pro tem.*, when he took over the reins of Government on the resignation and departure from India of Lord Curzon before Lord Minto went out. His three little stepping-stones of sons are very fond of "dressing up" in native costume, and they, too, have come within the horizon of the camera and the persistent gentlemen who manipulate that instrument. Royalties, however, have learnt to be resigned where photography is concerned, and are, apparently, the first to realise that to provide pictorial amusement for their subjects, not to speak of the world at large, is, after all, one of the chief functions of Royalty.

Photo Leonard Willoughby

Lord Ashburton

Who was married in Paris last week to Miss Frances Donnelly, one of the original *Floradora* beauties. The happy couple have sailed to South Africa for their honeymoon

* * *

A Bride for Prince Arthur of Connaught

It is rumoured at the Danish Court that since the union of Prince Gustavus of Sweden and Princess Margaret of Connaught, such an *entente cordiale* has sprung up between the latter and Princess Olga of Cumberland, the grand-daughter of the late King Christian, that an alliance is likely to be formed between her and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Princess prides herself on her British descent, and, in appearance, is rather like her aunt, Queen Alexandra.

* * *

Engagements of Interest

One of the most interesting engagements lately announced is that of Miss Violet Milner, daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, and niece of Lord Grimthorpe, to Captain Edward York, of the Royal Dragoons, and Hutton Hall, York, but our breath has been so taken away by the two "stage" marriages following so close one upon the other, that really ordinary engagements between people of the same social position have been voted quite dull. What is the secret of the vast attraction the stage, or rather stage-ladies, have for the peerage, especially for the Irish peerage? Doubtless the fact that most of the aforesaid ladies who have married into our aristocracy have possessed brains as well as beauty has been a not unimportant or unconsidered item in the galaxy of charms they have brought to bear on the gilded youth of their choice. Lord de Clifford, whose marriage to Miss Eva Carrington took place quietly, is the fourth Irish peer who has married an actress during the last few years. The first to set the example was the Earl of Clancarty, then Lord Dunlo, who married Miss Belle Bilton, a lady who had figured largely in pantomime, and who, a little while after her elevation to the peerage, was forced, owing to the exigencies of her contract, to appear as "Beauty," in the pantomime *Beauty and the Beast*, at the Grand Theatre, Islington. And a very good draw the peeress on the boards proved to be! Then, the Marquis of Headfort married Miss Rosie Boote, of the Gaiety Theatre, and soon after the Earl of Clonmell married Miss Rachel Berridge, also an actress. The De Clifford barony was created so far back as 1299, and there is a family tradition that the "Fair Rosamund" of history is an ancestress. The Earl, needless to say, is very, very young—only twenty-two—but he has for some time hunted his own pack of hounds from his County Mayo seat, Dalgan Park. He is also, like most Irishmen, very keen on racing, and

SOCIETY DISCUSSES PLATONICS

The Duchess of Sutherland

Lady Troubridge

The Countess of Lytton

The Duchess of Marlborough

Baroness D'Erlanger

Society Women and Their "Emotions"

prefers Ireland to England any day. Scarcely a week after this wedding, Lord Ashburton married Miss Frances Donnelly, a New York actress, in Paris. Lord Ashburton has been two years a widower, his first wife having been the daughter of Lord Hood, and is the father of one son and four daughters. He is a crack shot—one of the best in the country—and no shooting party is complete without his presence. He is said to be just a little eccentric, but he is also one of the most generous of men as well as a great sportsman. Lord Ashburton is combining duty with pleasure on his honeymoon, for he has much property in Africa, down the East Coast of which he and his bride hope to shoot big game.

* * *

Dogs and Plato

Politics and bridge as diversions have been entirely superseded during the last week or two. Dogs and Plato have taken their place. While one section of Society (the dog-loving) has been at the Agricultural Hall, the other (the cultured) has been holding luncheons at Claridge's, followed by a lecture by Dr. Emil Reich on Plato, and a discussion on the subject by the committee and its guests. Not that the two sections are absolutely distinct from each other, but it is noticeable that the animal lovers are not ardent culturists of the soul, the emotions, and kindred subjects. The Plato Committee includes the Duchess of Marlborough, a particularly keen member, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Troubridge, and the Hon. Mrs. George Lawson Johnston, and in the audience at the two lectures which have already been held were Lady Lytton—who, as Miss Pamela Plowden, associated herself with the higher grades of thought, as the expression is understood in Society—Mrs. Godfrey Baring, Baroness d'Erlanger, and Lady Leigh. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Troubridge are well known as advocates of the "higher thought," and have announced that these lectures are meant to attract those curious women whose tendency is to take life seriously. Without doubt, the lectures will be immensely popular—women love to talk Platonics and the emotions (*i.e.* their own)—and it is also very flattering to find such a savant as Dr. Emil Reich taking them so seriously. Besides this, luncheon at Claridge's, followed by a Grand Marnier (*cordon rouge*) with one's coffee and a particularly good cigarette, form an excessively solid foundation for the discussion of one's emotions in public—decently generalised, of course, behind the Greek philosopher—for no woman yet discussed the emotions, as they call them, without speaking from an entirely personal point of view.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Converted at last!

Mr. John Burns struggling into a hansom after the Levée at Buckingham Palace last week in Court uniform

The other and less high-flown section has been spending a good part of its time down at the Agricultural Hall—a much less aristocratic *milieu*, but a very fascinating one as the temporary home of no less than 1,800 dogs of varying charm and beauty. Owing to the Court mourning, the Royal kennels were not represented, for the first time for many years, but it was a splendid show, nevertheless, as was told in THE BYSTANDER last week. The pet dogs were really "too sweet for words," and a small fortune must have been spent on their ribbons, even the kennels having been decorated. The Countess of Chesterfield, Lady Mildred Cooke, Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, Lord and Lady Decies, and Sir Hugh Fitzherbert, were all exhibiting, besides many others.

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The Home of a Democrat

Mr. Keir Hardie's residence in Neville Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.

Dogs in Ireland

Lady Aberdeen has pleased the Irish Kennel Association hugely by consenting to become a vice-patron, and she intends to exhibit her celebrated Skye terriers at their Show at Ball's Bridge in May. Dogs may be said to be Lady Aberdeen's particular hobby, and she and the Duchess of Newcastle are two of the most energetic members on the committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association, of which the Duchess of Connaught is president. I hear this latter association are holding their Members' Show on April 5, at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster; the big open Summer Show will be held at the Botanic Gardens as usual and during the last week

"Have You Seen the Baby?"

A Clever "Little Stranger"

Whatever the demerits of the play at the Criterion Theatre, there is no denying the remarkable cleverness of Master Edward Garratt, around whose personality the play has been written. This youth is a comedian to his diminutive finger-tips. His use of facial expression would do credit to an actor who has spent a long life playing comedy parts. His sense of fun is almost irresistible. When he laughs at his own impish tricks, you must laugh too. He fills the Criterion stage, not with his size, but with his personality.

Photos *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

A Kennel Club Presentation

n June. The Toy Dog Society have fixed on May 1 and 2 for their Show at the Crystal Palace.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Jaquet

It was a happy idea of those good fanciers who were responsible for the promotion of the presentation, at Cruft's Show last week, to Mr. E. W. Jaquet—who has been the secretary to the Kennel Club since 1901—to call the subscribers together. Nearly everybody who is anybody in the canine world turned up, and Mr. Jaquet must have been a proud man when he looked around and saw who had assembled to do honour to him.

Mr. J. Sidney Turner, the chairman of the Kennel Club, made the presentation, which took the form of an address on vellum, a silver tea and coffee service and tray, and a cheque for 400 guineas. All in all, a very tangible mark of the esteem in which Mr. Jaquet is held by the kennel community. For over thirty years he has been closely interested in dogs, and many old exhibitors will remember the strong hand he held in fox-terriers and bulldogs at the time he was associated with Mr. Harding Cox in the management of the Old Berkeley Foxhounds. For some three or four seasons Mr. Jaquet was the field master of that pack. He was one of the founders of the Bulldog Club (Incorporated), and for many years he has been an accepted authority on that much-neglected but beautiful breed, the White English Terrier.

Photo H. Walter Barnett

Mr. E. W. Jaquet

Secretary of the Kennel Club and a noted dog fancier, to whom a handsome presentation was made at Cruft's Dog Show last week

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Railway Enterprise

Probably half the charges of backwardness that are levelled against our railway companies arise from ignorance of what those much-abused institutions are really doing for us. I confess that I myself, until the other day, was quite unaware that at Euston Station the L. and N.W. Ry. Company provide travelling business men with a sort of ready-made and fully furnished London office. Returning from a visit to the provinces, one can find on No. 6 platform of this station a room wherein one can do correspondence, use the telephone, refer to directories, etc., receive letters, and send telegrams. A man can also avail himself of a staff of stenographers and typists at a moderate charge. If the Company would only add a nice selection of the daily and weekly papers, a card room, billiard table, a tape machine, and, perhaps, a Turkish bath, waiting for trains at Euston should become one of the chief luxuries of life. BYSTANDER.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Railway Enterprise: The new correspondence room, Euston Station

Here business men can transact their affairs, typists, typewriters, and telephone being available

A REASONABLE BARGAIN

"So she is engaged to that funny little Sir Julius! Yet once she told us she could never marry a man under six feet!"

"Ah, well, I expect she consented to a twenty-five per cent. discount for cash"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Two Presidents

The ceremony was touching. The two Presidents driving through the crowded streets in the family landau: M. Loubet in official costume, the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour across his dress suit; M. Fallières, in a comfortable overcoat, leaving all the outward distinctions to the retiring President. The crowd cheered, and the two old gentlemen wiped their eyes. In the Rue Dante, M. Fallières jumped down like a boy of sixteen, and gave his hand to M. Loubet, who rapidly crossed the pavement, followed by M. Rouvier, and entered his new home. Here Mme. Loubet was waiting to receive her husband and the President, and without any unnecessary speeches the two bouquets were handed to M. and Mme. Loubet who, with a few charming words, accepted them, the former President offering his flowers to M. Fallières for the new Présidente, which again brought tears to the eyes of that emotional gentleman. There is always an amusing side to every ceremony, and it was here at the Rue Dante. The *concierge* and his wife receiving a *locataire* of the importance of an ex-President was something to be remembered. Monsieur in his best black frock-coat and white tie; Madame in a black silk dress, holding a lace handkerchief between two fingers.

M. Georges Ohnet

The well-known novelist, President of the Société des Auteurs, which is now being taken to task for "pocketing" royalties on classic plays and music

L'Affaire Castellane

But *entre-temps*, between the reception of the new President and the departure of the old, in the palaces adjoining the Avenue du Bois and the Faubourg St. Germain, the Castellane divorce is still discussed. We are overwhelmed with details, anecdotes that may or may not be true, subjects for Palais Royal farces, every one of them. Dom Carlos saw something of the trouble, and nearly went without his dinner in consequence. In a very few minutes he had called for his chauffeur and was back again in town. For the King of Portugal to risk going supperless to bed was more serious than all the complications in the Castellane *ménage*. He "didn't want to hear anything about it." There was to be a scene instead of a banquet, and that did not suit his programme.

The income of the Countess Boni de Castellane is safely secured by the Gould family in America. But owing to the extravagant, childish way the money was thrown about during the joint reign in the replica of the little Trianon, that stands majestically at the corner of the Avenue Malakoff and the Avenue du Bois, the greater portion goes towards the payment of outstanding debts. It still leaves a nice little sum for the Count's successor, a good-looking young American, with whom, it is probable, the Countess will lead a happier life than with the descendant of the House of Castellane.

Count Boni de Castellane

Whose divorce suit is the talk of Paris

Authors' Society and Royalties

When Goethe wrote his *Faust*, and made his hero remark to Mephistopheles "that not only the Church, but a King and a Jew can digest ill-gotten goods," he, no doubt, would have added the Paris Authors' Society to the list, if that estimable body had been in existence at that time. But when the German poet was busy on his great work, the eight towers of the Bastille were still frowning on the city. Nor could anyone have foreseen that, after the good citizens of Paris had risked their lives to sweep away this relic of the middle ages, it would be replaced less than half a century later by an institution quite as mediæval and almost as mischievous as the notorious

A Strange Society of Authors

State prison. This curious institution is the Authors' Society, or Société des Auteurs, now severely taken to task for having, from 1848 to 1898, quietly pocketed the royalties on Donizetti's operas—royalties amounting to some £120,000, and claimed to-day by one of the Italian composer's descendants. The case will be thrashed out in a court of law, and it will be a crushing blow for the formidable society if they have to disburse this sum, not so much on account of the money—for they are immensely rich—but because it would affect their prestige, which, of late, has received a few hard knocks.

A Literary Reign of Terror

The Society was founded with the laudable object of collecting authors' dues from all theatres and places of entertainment, for which, of course, they charge a commission, and rendered excellent service to the dramatist whose interests were protected. Unfortunately, in the course of time, the Society became immensely powerful, and inaugurated a reign of terror that will sound incredible to English ideas of freedom and fair play. Thus, no author is allowed to accept from a theatrical manager less than the royalty stipulated by the Society, and, in the event of his infringing this rule, he is ruthlessly expelled, and the theatre with whom he concluded the bargain placed in interdict. This means that no other dramatist in France is allowed to supply the offending manager with plays, under penalty of immediate expulsion. This occurred a few weeks ago, when two well-known authors, MM. Tristan Bernard and Godfernaux were struck off the list as members of the Society, and the theatre "Les Folies-Dramatiques" was placed under the ban. According to French law, a work after fifty years becomes public property. Yet the Society coolly pockets 10 per cent. on plays by Molière, Shakespeare, Corneille, etc., on the pretext that, unless they did so, theatrical managers, with the view of saving authors' fees, would only bring out old plays, to the exclusion of modern productions. But whatever money flows into the Society's coffers remains there; and although Donizetti's heirs have right on their side, it is perfectly certain that they will never see a penny of the sums they claim. The President of the Society is M. Georges Ohnet, the well-known novelist and author of the popular *Maître de Forges*.

Countess Boni de Castellane

Whose very popular divorce suit is having a long run in Paris

Concert Criticism in Paris

Difficult for a virtuoso to be recognised in Paris? Impossible, unless he knows the ropes and has plenty of tar to grease them. Here we have no musical critics authorised to attend concerts and report on them in the daily papers; they exist (not on their salaries) in the musical papers; but these are not read. The only concerts criticised—and so mildly—are the Sunday Orchestrals, the Chevillard, and the Colonne; the private man has no opportunity of calling the august body of critics to hear him. And in this instance the musician is in a worse position than the painter; he has no salons, no exhibitions where he has a chance of distinguishing himself; he must set out alone, engage his hall, send his invitations, and wait for his recognition until foreign cities have applauded him, and his fame reaches the directors of the orchestral weeklies. For a fifty-franc note, however, he can send a notice to the most important papers, and call himself the greatest violinist or pianist ever heard; but he does not know this at the start, and has not, as a rule, many fifty-franc notes to spend. Later, when he becomes acclimatised, you find in Paris more enthusiastic notices on a Paderewski, a Bauer, or a Sarasate, than elsewhere, simply because he wants the full benefit from his money; and who can blame him? If the greatest virtuoso in the world passed through Paris and gave a concert, he would not be mentioned in the day's news, unless he made his arrangements beforehand. Did Rubinstein get a notice of his last concert? Certainly not. And can smaller men expect better?

Conservatoire Mammas

The mammas are in a state of panic. A very imposing array of women are the mothers of the candidates for honours at the Comedy and Tragedy Classes at the Conservatoire. They half fill the hall on the great day of the public examination, loudly protest against the decision of the jury, and, in more ways than I care to particularise, make themselves objectionable. Innumerable jokes have been made on them, the wittiest, perhaps, being the nickname given to one proud mamma who kept aloof from the others. *La Mer Caspienne; parcequ'elle ne communique avec aucune autre mer.* Under the paternal government of M. Dubois and his predecessors, directors of the Conservatoire, these ladies did pretty well as they pleased, disregarding everything but their own judgment on their daughters' talent, often backed by the fashionably dressed gentlemen at the end of the hall, the daughters' protectors. M. Gabriel Fauré is bent on sweeping away these abuses, and will turn out the mammas if they give the smallest trouble.

Lancelot

The Impending Crisis in China

YUEN-SHIH-KAI AND HIS FOREIGN-DRILLED TROOPS

By L. J. SWALLOW

While the Russo-Japanese war has shaken Russia to its foundations, there is another country on which the effect, though at present unperceived by the world at large, will be just as great and possibly more lasting.

That country is China.

It is true that there have been a few external signs of unrest, such as the recent riots at Shanghai, and the boycotting of American goods; but these give a very inadequate idea of the rapidly approaching crisis, which many believe will end in a *coup d'état*.

There is a striking similarity between the two countries, Russia and China. Both are enormous areas ruled by bureaucracies, and both lack that national and patriotic spirit which alone can preserve such unwieldy structures in times of war and disaster. Moreover, both have suffered overwhelming defeats at the hands of Japan.

Yuen-Shih-Kai, the strongest man in China

Who has got together a fine army of foreign-drilled troops strong enough to decide any internal crisis

Li Hung Chang's Successor

It is to this Chino-Japanese war that one must go back to understand aright the forces at work, and in particular the position of that remarkable man, Yuen-Shih-Kai, the successor of Li Hung Chang, and the central figure of Chinese politics. The disastrous peace that concluded this war first convinced China that there was something wrong in the old order of things.

An insignificant enemy, Japan, adopting European methods of war, had driven back the vast armies brought against her with the utmost ease. Not only had Japan reformed her army on the European model, but was rapidly assimilating Western learning and ideas. Should not China follow her example?

The Reform Party

A reform party sprang into existence with the Imperial

One of the few photographs extant of Tsu-Hsi, the formidable Empress Dowager of China

sanction. The Emperor declared himself on the side of reform. Here was an opportunity for years of patient work; to cleanse the bureaucracy of its corruption, and to relieve the patient millions from the extortion that had crushed all hope of progress out of their lives. But alas! they went too fast, and sought to do by a few bold strokes what scarcely could have been done in a hundred years.

The forces of reaction took alarm. Consolidating under the Empress Dowager, they seized the leading spirits of the new movement and beheaded them. It was a terrible massacre of the genius of the nation. Whoever was noble, whoever burned with a love for his country, was accounted a traitor, and ruthlessly put to death. One man escaped, Yuen-Shih-Kai. With unerring judgment he realised that the efforts of the reformed party were premature and doomed to failure. Though his heart must have been with the reformers, he went over to the other camp, and countenanced their proscription.

The Fall of the Reactionaries

The party of reaction was now supreme. But it was their turn to over-reach themselves. The diligent propagation of anti-foreign sentiments resulted in the Boxer riots, and the consequent march of the Allied Armies into Pekin. To a bureaucracy of "sham and shuffle," this was a fit ending. No amount of sophistry and throwing up of dust could conceal the fact that the nation had lost prestige through their doings. A foreign army in the capital was a fact which they could not hide. Indeed, they did more for progress by instigating these riots than the reform party could have accomplished by pacific means.

Once again Yuen-Shih-Kai was on the winning side. Setting his face against the Boxer riots, he did his utmost for the foreigners, and strove to suppress disorder.

Since he had adopted the ambiguous and difficult position of the moderate man, the Court made use of him to conciliate the foreigners. In this capacity he acquitted himself with so much credit as to gain the approval of the foreign Embassies, and still to continue in favour with the Empress Dowager.

The Rise of Yuen-Shih-Kai

Since then his rise has been rapid. Honours were showered upon him, and among others he was given the title of Guardian of the Throne. But more than all this, he has got together an army of foreign-drilled troops strong enough to decide any crisis in internal affairs. Secure, now, in his position, he has steadily advocated during the last few years the imitation of Japanese policy, maintaining that Japan, closely allied to China in history, religion, and thought, must be her guide rather than some Western nation.

The Russo-Japanese war has shown once for all that the East can resist the West, and the way in which it is to be done.

So the Chinese people are beginning to understand that Yuen-Shih-Kai is right, and he has their confidence. In his way stand the Empress Dowager and the Reactionaries, the Emperor to all intents and purposes a prisoner. There is no doubt they are quaking in their shoes, and the wildest rumours are circulating through the country. Exactly what will happen is uncertain, but the future rests with Yuen-Shih-Kai and his foreign-drilled troops.

The Awakening of China: Opening of a new railway (between Shanghai and Nankin)

Right to left: Mr. J. G. Gresson, of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and Co., Lord Le (who performed the opening ceremony), Mr. H. E. R. Hunter (manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank), Mr. A. R. Collinson (Engineer-in-Chief). Mr. E. J. Dunstan (Loco.-Supt.) is behind with the Traffic Manager, Mr. H. P. Winslow

SOME FAMOUS BRITISH HOMES

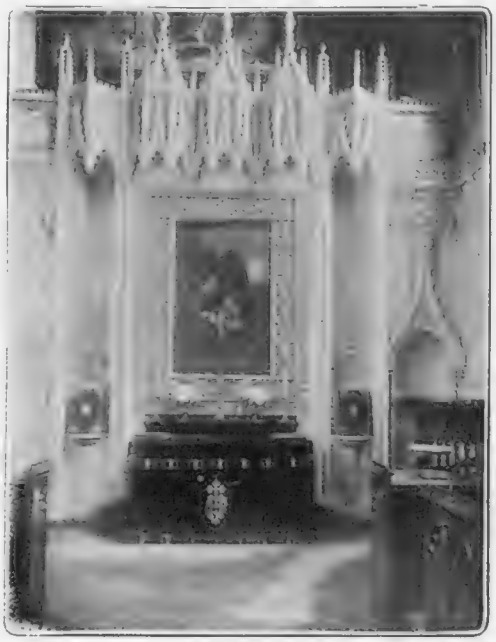
No. 2. Belvoir Castle.

The Country Seat of the Duke of Rutland.

Belvoir Castle, one of the residences of that most amiable and accomplished English nobleman, the Duke of Rutland, is happily known as the "Castle of the Vale," for it stands magnificently on a huge mound, commanding tremendous views of the Vale of Belvoir, and far into Lincolnshire and Notts.

Inside the Castle

It is only natural in so large a house that there should be a corresponding number of rooms. Some are very large indeed, and all are lofty. The principal room of interest is the Guard Room, with its swords and rifles, and even cannon; its armour, pictures, uniforms, and accoutrements. The reception rooms are all on the first floor, and of these the Regent Gallery, overlooking the bastion, the approach to the Castle, and the Mausoleum embowered in the wooded grounds, is the finest in the house. This room is 131 feet in length, and has some wonderful tapestries, busts, and pictures, and was specially decorated and prepared for the Regent's visit in 1814. The libraries are full to overflowing with some 7,000 valuable books and documents, and in a glass frame on the wall is the patent from Queen Anne conferring the Dukedom on the Seventh Earl. The Elizabeth Salon, called after the Duchess Elizabeth, is a gorgeously decorated room of great size. It has a superbly painted ceiling, and the walls are hung in satin panels. Round the room are hung the priceless miniatures for which Belvoir is famed. The decorations here are Louis Quatorze, and the furniture is from a château of Madame Maintenon. In a casket is kept the Gold Key of the Staunton Tower, an emblem of feudal tenure, by presentation of which to the Sovereign when visiting the Castle, Staunton of Staunton holds his lands in the Vale.



Reredos in the Chapel showing Murillo's famous picture, "The Holy Family"

Chapel and Reception Rooms

The Chapel has a beautiful reredos, and in it Murillo's finest work, "The Holy Family." The picture gallery, entered from the Earl's gallery, contains works by all the best masters, and includes

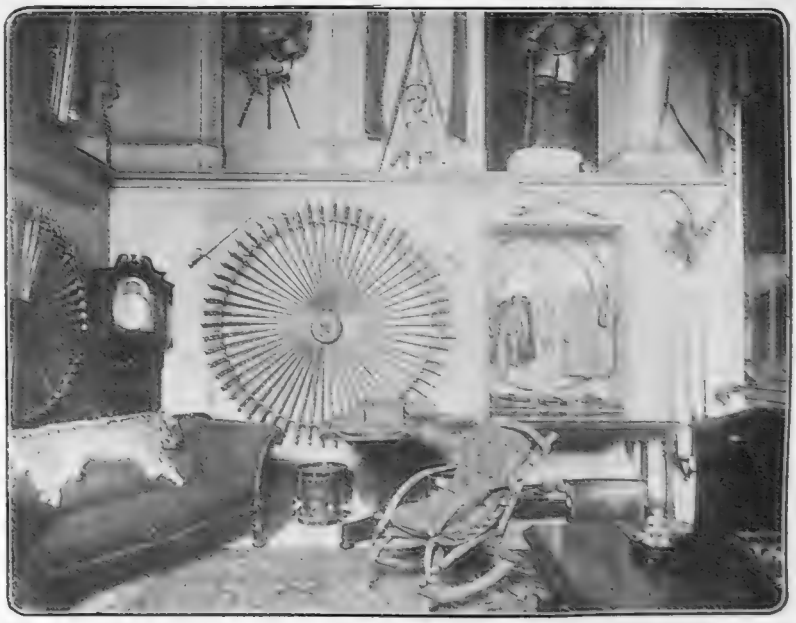
Photos — Leonard Willoughby

The approach to Belvoir Castle

Historic Rooms at Belvoir Castle

Holbein's celebrated picture of Henry VIII., the best of all existing full-length portraits of this Monarch. From here the ball-room or grand corridor is reached, and this leads to the State and Royal apartments. The large dining-room is also entered from here, a room from which there are superb views. In this room is a large marble block, carved by Wyatt to represent a table-cloth covering the top. This is used to carry the huge silver punch-bowl, which holds fifty-two gallons and weighs 165 lbs.—the largest existing. These are but a few of the many reception rooms, and lie apart from the suites used by the Duke and his family, which face the South and West, where, again, the views across terraces, deep-wooded valleys and hills, park, and lake are in keeping with the dignity and grandeur of the castle and its traditions.

Illustrations continued on following pages.



(1) Entrance passage to the Guard Room, or Hall, showing old muskets and cartridge-pouches, also the fire-buckets

(2) The Regent's Gallery, specially decorated for the French Regent when he visited Belvoir in 1814

(3) A corner of the Guard Room, containing the uniform and swords of the great Marquis of Granby, and other relics

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

Some Famous British Home

(Se

Photo

THE INTERIOR OF BELVOIR CASTL

The Duke of Rutland's Seat

(... pages)

VIEW OF THE GUARD ROOM HALL

Leonard W. Illingworth

Queen Victoria's Bedroom at Belvoir

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

The apartment in which her late Majesty slept

The walls of this splendid apartment are hung with wonderful Chinese silk embroideries

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 12.

By BARRY PAIN

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

General Penarden, C.B., married late in life, and had one son who was intended by General Penarden to follow his father's profession, to be V.C., and D.S.O., and to be a bright and shining light. As the intentions of destiny did not precisely agree with the intentions of General Penarden, it is, perhaps, just as well that the old man died when William, his son, was a boy of six. He was thus saved some disappointment.

But even in those brief years he was not saved all disappointment. He made, grimly, a list of the different things of which the child was frightened, and it was a very long list. Many, of course, were things of which any child is frightened; many others came into a doubtful category; the fear would have been excusable perhaps in a girl. There was left a residue which was all wrong and quite inexplicable. The General, though disappointed, did not despair. He quoted instances of brave men who had had a timid childhood. His optimistic programme was that his son should have it all knocked out of him by the paternal hand, by the severe discipline of a public school, and by experience of dangers. Familiarity of them would breed contempt, and all would yet be well. On the day before his death from apoplexy he imagined to himself despatches in which his son's name figured brilliantly.

The General had married a woman much younger than himself. She was beautiful and she was bored. She came of a decaying race. The brilliant vices and wild extravagances of her eighteenth-century forefathers had ended with the usual and prosaic sequel of tainted blood and fallen fortunes. Possibly there were few things that bored this tired London woman more than her son William. She remembered to talk about him a little to her friends; she had the best possible care taken of him by the best possible servants; she gave him expensive presents on the days appointed. But she did not want to be with him very much. When she was with him she either spoiled him or bullied him, and more often she bullied him. At the age of twelve, William, at a preparatory school which he hated, was bidden to write an essay on the subject of war. He wrote childishly, and with many faults of punctuation and spelling, to the effect that war was the wickedest thing in the world, and that a soldier's profession was the most inhuman and abominable. By chance, the essay came into his mother's way, and she laughed till she cried over it. He was not a pretty boy, and he could never be admirable, but there seemed to be some chance that he might, at least, be quaint. At the age of fourteen he made to his mother a profound observation, to wit, that though for many long years past he himself had been getting older and older, she had never changed one little bit. For this she kissed him; he might have found her in a mood when she would have struck him for it.

It was quite clear by this time that he was not to be a soldier. The weakness of his physique supported the firmness of his wishes in this respect. He could have never passed the doctor. At his public school, which he hated even more than the preparatory school, medical certificates freed him to some extent from compulsory games. He was a muff at all games, and he was no great scholar; yet he was less unpopular at school than might have been expected. He had no pretensions whatever, and he was very obliging. He would do anything for anybody. He had the fatal gift of imagination, and a few eccentricities that amused other boys. Boys treat with good humour that with which they are amused. There was, for instance, a certain short cut, a footpath across some fields, in common use by the boys, which William Penarden resolutely refused to take. He gave no reasons, but he said that he could not take that path. So he went all the way round, and was frequently late, and from that came trouble. But he remained obstinate. It was one of the things that pleased the other boys. "Mad as a hatter," they would say, and quote his dislike of the field-path in proof.

Next week will be published "The Fortunate Painter and the Honest Jew," by SOMERSET MAUGHAM

(All rights strictly reserved)

It was during his first term at Cambridge that he heard from his mother that she intended to marry again. She had not aged at all, except to the most careful observer and to her own maid, and even her own maid did not know everything. It was, perhaps, rather remarkable that she had not remarried before, but she had always preferred the admiration of the many to the devotion of one, and, by the terms of the late General's will, her remarriage made her son much richer and herself much poorer. It may have occurred to her that this prolonged struggle with age could not be carried on indefinitely. As for the money, she was marrying a wealthy baronet, and knew how to take care of herself. It was true that he was a sportsman who hated London, and that she would have to live for the most part in the country. But the things which are supposed to amuse had bored her so long that she had begun to wonder if she could not be amused by the things that are supposed to bore. Then there was always the resource of foreign travel. She knew a doctor who could generally be counted upon to order her to the place to which she wished to go.

William was not much surprised by the news, and he wrote the kindest of letters to his mother. He was really an extremely kind young man. He had already met many characters of doubtful probity. None of them had ever asked him to lend money; he had always anticipated them by the offer of a loan. On the occasions when his mother got to hear of this she had been unfailingly very, very mad with him. At present, William was quite ready to accept the situation, but the situation was not quite ready to accept William. He was not much of a sportsman, and his new father said candidly that he could see nothing in the boy. Lady Quyne, formerly Mrs. Penarden, became suddenly serious and flagrantly moral on the subject of William's career. She spelt career with a capital letter in her letters to him; she pronounced it in italics in her talk. It was true that it was not necessary for him to make an income, but no good ever came of idleness. She had, by the way, made an exhaustive trial of it herself for the last twenty years, and was, therefore, in a position to speak. She suggested politics and the Diplomatic Service: he had no taste for either. Above all, she emphasised the bad effect which a prolonged home-life had upon a young man. Before he took his degree—it was a pass degree—he had learned to interpret this correctly, and spent very little of his vacations at home. He had made friends who found him amiable and liked him to visit them occasionally. Sometimes he travelled. When he was at home he did not see very much of his mother. There were always other visitors staying in the house. Sir Charles Quyne was pessimistic on the subject of William. "He can play the piano a bit," he said, "and he can drive the car. And there is not one other solitary damned thing that he can do. I wish to goodness he would get married."

William did not get married, but he kept out of the way, which, after all, was almost as good. Further, to please his mother, he said that he proposed ultimately to become a candidate for Parliament. In the meantime, he would like to devote two or three years to serious preparation. Lady Quyne observed that he could cram up all that a Member needed to know in two or three weeks, but did not remonstrate further. William took a riverside-cottage and a small flat in London. He went from one to the other as the mood took him, and as a rule made the journey on his motor-car. He liked driving the car, but it was rather a fearful pleasure. He was, perhaps, the most cautious driver extant, and the secret amusement of his hireling chauffeur. When William went from his cottage to his flat in town, he made the chauffeur take the wheel when they approached London. William did not like driving through thick traffic at any time, and did not like driving by night at all.

One Saturday night in June, Dolling, the chauffeur, received an unexpected visit from a long-absent brother. The visitor arrived just at the moment when he and his master were about to start for London in the car. Timidity and amiability struggled in the breast of William Penarden, and amiability won.

"I shan't want you, Dolling," he said, "I can manage it all right by myself."

Mr. Dolling was sure that it was very kind of him. It was a bright moonlight night, with deep, bothering shadows.

William started slowly. He already felt nervous. How would it be if he gave up the London idea altogether? He could telegraph in the morning to the friend whom he was to have met. He turned off from the London road, where a circuit of two or three miles would bring him back to his cottage again. There was a dark stretch of road here, trees on either side almost meeting overhead. Beyond, the road lay white and open. William went into his third speed as he emerged from the darkness. At that moment a black figure shot out from the hedge into the road right across the way of the car. In a moment or two William had jammed on the brakes, and the car stood still, with the engines racing. Had he touched the man or not? It seemed to him to be a long while before he could force himself to look round and see. When he did so, he saw the black figure lying motionless on the road in the bright moonlight.

"Are you hurt?" William called, hoarsely. All was silent. With great care William turned his car round in the road and crawled up alongside. He could see now that it was the figure of a man, raggedly dressed, absolutely motionless. The hat had fallen off, and the moonlight made the thick, white hair brilliant.

"Are you hurt?" William asked again. He stared hard to see if he could detect the slightest movement. There was none. He listened intently, stopping his engines. The whole night seemed to him full of the silence of the dead.

He knew perfectly well what he ought to do, but sheer panic had hold of him. He touched the switch and his engines started again. For once in his life he drove recklessly, and he drove to London. There would be ample evidence that he had been intending to go to London when he started, and there would be no reason why he should ever have

He did not attempt to walk along the plank, but he began to work himself along it slowly in a sitting position, taking care not to jolt the end of it off the window-ledge opposite. An authoritative voice below shouted to him to go back. He went on

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS *TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY*

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Meet of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds on February 17 at their kennels, which are at Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Results of the Month

February has scarcely fulfilled the promise of its earliest days, the month on the whole being somewhat disappointing from the fox-hunting standpoint. And yet there was no lengthy stoppage of active work. A week's idleness, as a matter of fact, would not have been unwelcome in many studs now feeling the pressure of an exceptionally open season. But instead of a definite cessation we had a series of sharp frosts and sudden thaws in the middle of the month, which kept hunting people in a state of perpetual uncertainty, and nobody could tell overnight whether or not it would be possible to hunt on the morrow. More recently the frost gave way to days of heavy rains, with the consequence that the country rides even heavier than in the first half of the season. One advantage is that the fences are not quite so formidable as in November and December, and friendly gaps, too, are much more numerous.

Miss Dansey

Great-niece of Lord Fitzhardinge, who follows the Berkeley (Lord Fitzhardinge's) pack

Curiosities of Scent

It would be ridiculous to attempt to forecast the weather in front of us for the remainder of the season, but in March we must, of course, expect some blustering gales and rough weather. Many years ago, Peter Beckford, one of the earliest authorities on fox-hunting matters, wrote: "Take not your hounds out on a windy day," and the advice is, probably, just as good to-day as when it was first given; but things move much faster now than then, and differ materially in many respects. For example, meets are advertised broadcast, and are expected to be kept, unless some abnormal conditions intervene, and it would require a tolerably big capful of wind to induce the modern M.F.H. to accept Beckford's advice literally and keep his hounds in kennels. Moreover, Beckford did not utter the last word on the mysterious qualities of scent, which sometimes seems to serve brilliantly under the most unpromising conditions, and we have seen hounds hunt as briskly in the teeth of a keen Nor'-Wester as on the calmest of days. "There's no accounting for scent," once complained an old hunt servant to the writer, "I've spent most of my life trying to master it, and still it often beats me completely." Columns might be written in evidence of the baffling qualities of scent, but it would only be repeating what is well known and much discussed by experienced hunting men.

Will Thompson

Who has been very successful in his first season as huntsman of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds

Lord Fitzhardinge talking to his pack

The M.F.H. resumed hunting after a lapse of thirty years, succeeding his brother in the Mastership in 1896-7

The Berkeleys and Fox-hunting

A meet under the historic walls of Berkeley Castle is always an interesting fixture during the season with Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds, unfailingly recalling to mind the ancient history and rare associations of the pack. For just upon three centuries there has been a Berkeley Hunt, and in its early days a vast dominion was covered by the pack, extending, it is said, from Hyde Park Corner to Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire. And the fact that the old name survives in the case of the two Old Berkeley packs in the Home Counties lends verisimilitude to that report. Be that as it may, one can safely say that the Berkeley pack, in its present form, has existed for one hundred years, and four members of the Berkeley family have held the Mastership during that period. One of the keenest of the four was Admiral Maurice Berkeley, the first Baron Fitzhardinge, who hunted the pack with unbounded enthusiasm for ten years, and kept his hard-riding field in check by the aid of an impressive vocabulary which had been appreciably strengthened by his nautical experiences.

The Present Régime

For thirty years prior to succeeding his late brother in the Mastership, in the season of 1896-7, the present Lord Fitzhardinge did virtually no fox-hunting at all. But he carries out his present duties most thoroughly, and takes a very keen interest in the hounds and in their breeding. Lord Fitzhardinge thinks that hunting has deteriorated since he first knew the sport, and believes that more people—ignorant of hounds and the country—hunt nowadays just because it is "the thing" to do so. Nevertheless, these views do not prevent his lordship from endeavouring to show good sport to those who throw in their lot with his hounds, and, under the present *régime*, the Berkeley Hunt maintains its old position as one of the most important pillars of fox-hunting. Will Rawle, who was huntsman to the pack for nineteen seasons, retired last year, and his place is now filled by Will Thompson, who came with a good reputation from the West Norfolk country. The present season has been a satisfactory one for sport, and the new huntsman, though faced with the difficulty of following an old favourite, has acquitted himself in a most workmanlike way, and evidently suits the country.

Ben Capell, huntsman of the Belvoir

With his old favourite, Dexter, one of the most famous stallion hounds in the Kingdom

Concerning the Belvoir

From the Berkeley to the Belvoir is an easy transition, for both are historic packs, whose Masterships have always been held by the reigning heads of the respective families who founded them. The present Duke of Rutland has taken no active part in the management of the Belvoir Hounds since 1896, Sir Gilbert Greenall having held the Mastership from that time, but the distinguished pack still belongs to the venerable nobleman, who is kept from the field by advancing age. Nevertheless, the old keenness is still there, and his Grace makes a point of attending the Hunt Puppy Show every summer and presides over the subsequent luncheon to the farmers. "Hunting and Belvoir," the Duke remarked at one of those pleasant gatherings two years ago, "have been synonymous for many generations, and it affords me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to think I can in any way promote the cause of fox-hunting in this part of the world." That the Duke of Rutland and his predecessors in the title have helped fox-hunting is unquestionable. They have always had in view the breeding of an immaculate pack of hounds, and fortunate in the assistance of such kennel huntsmen as Goosey, Will Goodall, Frank Gillard, and, more recently, Ben Capell, the various Masters of the Belvoir have had the satisfaction of seeing their pack gradually attain to the height of perfection.

A Grand Old Hound

The Belvoir kennels are as famous to-day as at any period in their history, and they shelter the grandest old hound in the kingdom. I refer to Dexter, who is seen with Ben Capell in our illustration. The old warrior is now in his twelfth year, but one can still admire the splendid lines of this 24 in. hound, with his great depth in front, his big bone, his strength of back, loins, and quarters, and his handsome head. Dexter has done great work for the Belvoir pack, and will leave behind him many brilliant sons to carry on his line. Among them the best is probably Stormer, whose progeny are invariably excellent. Belvoir Handel is another very fine stallion hound by Dexter, who has stamped himself so much on the pack that his name is never likely to be forgotten so long as there is a "Foxhound Kennel Stud Book," and sportsmen to breed hounds for its interesting pages.

A. W. C.

WILD DUCK: THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON

DRAWN BY A. J. WALL

The Connoisseur.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS

After many lean years, it seems that the honourable applied arts which so long flourished in England under the early Georges — although not with their immediate patronage—are to be restored to us. The present exhibition, if not remarkable for the number of the examples of furniture, will attract all interested in the subject by the marked improvement that has taken place since the Society last showed its work in London. The old bad ways of what was called the "New Art" appear to have passed into that limbo which must already be filled with the failures that have hoped to revolutionise the world of furniture. There are still, however, examples of the uncomfortable and the crude, designed with the obvious intention of being artistic, but failing in proportion, beauty, and usefulness. Such a piece may be found in the "Painted Dresser" designed by Mr. W. R. Lethaby, executed by Mr. Malcolm C. Powell, and painted and exhibited by Mr. Alfred B. Powell, or in the so-called "Easy Chair in Oak," designed by Mr. Romney Green and executed by Mr. H. Plemming. The student will have no difficulty in finding other pieces, such as the important sideboard by Messrs. Morris, which, although interesting as efforts towards the beautiful, fall far short of the ideal. But by far the greater number of exhibits in this branch of applied arts are simple and admirable, as greatly to be praised for their reserved and telling design as for the excellence of their workmanship.

Chestnut chest of drawers, designed by Mr. Ambrose Heal

Oak wardrobe, inlaid ebony and boxwood, designed by Mr. Ambrose Heal

Bedroom Furniture

The furniture of the bedroom receives, perhaps, rather more careful attention than that of the rest of the house, but all the uses of the home are considered. In this particular department there is no more valuable and excellent piece of work than the oak wardrobe designed by Mr. Ambrose Heal. This well-proportioned piece is decorated with an inlay of boxwood and ebony, which gives it interest and life without in any way distracting the attention or confusing the solid character of the whole. Such a wardrobe may be said to express the zenith of attainment in regard to original furniture which our generation has reached. It is sophisticated, but without any of the excesses which have disgraced our time; it is strong without being barbaric, and cultured without losing any trace of its dignity and usefulness. Its colour is remarkable for its Puritan beauty, and the workmanship is as fine an example as the Grafton Gallery can show of machinery aiding the art of design.

L.C.C. Technical Schools

One highly interesting feature in the present exhibition is the excellent work which the technical schools have produced beneath the wing of the L.C.C. and other municipal bodies. Of these, some of the most pleasing are from the Shoreditch Institute, where the spirit of

> Many things divinely done
> By Chippendale and Sheraton

has evidently entered in. The examples we reproduce, however, are not especially remarkable for eighteenth-century feeling, but rather for the effort to base new work upon the excellences of the old designs. Such must be considered the light, but firm, writing-table of Mr. L. Webb, and the exquisitely made glove-box by Mr. Larman. The lady's work-table is noticeable for the quality of its workmanship, and the mirrors, of which there are several from the schools under Mr. Percy A. Wells, pleasantly recall eighteenth-century taste and style. Another piece from a design by Mr. Ambrose Heal, a chestnut chest of drawers, although strictly simple, is decorative and pleasing in every way. Here the beauty of the grain of the wood is no small factor in

Rechérché Furniture Made by L.C.C. Schools

Mirror: An adaptation of eighteenth-century style, Produced under Mr. Percy A. Wells

Mirror from the L.C.C., Shoreditch Technical Institute

the agreeable result. At a hazard, we should say the design owes something of its novelty and charm to a combination of Japanese principles of cabinet-work grafted on to our own furniture of, say, a hundred years ago. It is by the discreet use of the traditions of the past that the best furniture shown by the Society of Arts and Crafts is mainly distinguished, although here and there a combination of various old styles makes a rather ridiculous result.

E. M.

The pencil portraits of notable people by Mr. Reg. E. Higgins, which are being shown in one of the galleries at 28, Brook Street, usually devoted by the Misses Woollans to eighteenth-century porcelains, are attracting no small attention. They are very pleasant little pictures of faces everybody knows. Mr. Max Beerbohm, Lady St. Helier and Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Mr. Pinero and Sir Squire Bancroft, with about fifty others, are drawn with skill and refinement, sympathy, and, in the best sense, sentiment. Broadly speaking, the men are better than the women; Miss Lilian Braithwaite is hardly as one knows her, nor is Madame Clara Butt a specially favourable example of Mr. Higgins's art. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins looks as though he had been terribly bored by some of the reviews of his last book.

Lady's Work-table From the L.C.C., Shoreditch Technical Institute, under Mr. Percy A. Wells

Writing-table by Mr. Webb, and glove-box by Mr. Larman

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Recreations of a Naturalist." By J. E. Harting. (Fisher Unwin: 15.)

"Two Years Among New Guinea Cannibals." By A. E. Pratt. (Seeley and Co., Ltd.: 6s.)

"Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Vol. II. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. (Macmillan and Co: 21s. net)

Fiction

"The Threshing Floor." By J. S. Fletcher. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Pathway of the Pioneer." By Dolf Wyllarde. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Great Refusal." By Maxwell Gray. (John Long: 6s.)

That certain smart writers have found a sort of salvation nowadays, and have taken up morality as a special line, is good, indeed, for the world. Thus, we do not point the finger of scorn at Mr. Guy Thorne (once Ranger Gull) because his later works are different from his earlier ones, and because he is blowing upon us from Cornwall successive gales of goodness where he once sent forth only narcotic draughts. In *First It Was Ordained* (Ward, Lock: 6s.), his latest, Mr. Thorne has the Word strong upon him. He preaches the citizen's duty to "be fruitful and multiply." We are almost hustled, all of us, willy nilly, into the matrimonial state, and are bidden, in the novel, to look upon and admire the good young Mr. Roland and his wife, and their thriving family, so different from the childless marriages of the smart set of the preceding generation. The book deals largely with the strenuous work of the "Confraternity of the Holy Ghost," which draws into its vortex all sorts and conditions of people who, in a bygone age, belonged to the Evil One. Naturally, to attract to his noble ideas the ordinary reading public, Mr. Thorne has introduced a strong melodramatic element — worthy of Sir A. Conan Doyle in his Sherlock Holmes days— and he tells his story in the short, snappy sentences beloved of the serial columns of a certain style of newspaper. As a story, apart from its "teaching," *First It Was Ordained* is poor and patchy. There is a certain freshness about Mr. Thorne when he writes of the "lyric joy of mornings in Devonshire," in his honeymoon chapter, but his pictures of the new century "Society," and the religious cant with which its members are newly inspired, are rather sickening, and, it seems, singularly lacking in sincerity. One of his characters, speaking of the above-named "Confraternity," says that "It was a stroke of genius to couple the name of the Holy Ghost with the thing." With every regard for Mr. Thorne and his mission, we might add that it would have been a stroke of reverent restraint had he omitted to do so.

"Bringing him home alive"

An illustration *not* to be found in Mr. Harting's *Recreations of a Naturalist*, reviewed on this page

Mr. J. S. Fletcher, the author, who, it should be remembered, is *not* the M.P. for Hampstead, as stated last autumn by a contemporary, has published a particularly fascinating little Yorkshire story, *The Threshing Floor* (Fisher Unwin). It deals chiefly with the final history of a race of yeomen-farmers, the Challengers, who have lived on the soil for centuries, and of whom it is a matter of local tradition that there never was amongst them a sober man or a virtuous woman. Its great interest, however, lies in the character of Brigit Challenger, the last of her race, who, having lived up to the traditions of her family as a girl, is wholly redeemed by her suddenly aroused love for a strong man, and becomes a fine character.

The title of *Recreations of a Naturalist*, by James Edmund Harting, is alluring. One wonders, beforehand, what *would* be his "recreations." Surely, as his profession is an outdoor one, his pleasures would be indoor ones? Bridge, perhaps; billiards, likely? Or, at any rate, if his play is outdoors as well as his work, surely it will be of a somewhat frivolous nature, as a relief from the hard work of Nature-study? But such speculations are wrong in the case of the volume in question. Mr. Harting's "recreations" savour of the 'busman who rides, holiday times, on the 'bus of another. When he turns wearied from the hard work of natural history, he takes up—natural history. Thus, the volume before us deals with such topics as hawking, deer-stalking, the migration of the woodcock, the growth of antlers, snakes, moles, the ways of grouse, etc., etc., and very interesting, too, to those anxious to improve their knowledge of such topics. I am glad, by the way, Mr. Harting experiences the acute joys of *not* shooting in that most ecstatic of all conditions—a wet autumn day on a hill. A vandal, indeed, is he who wishes at that time for any other occupation than just getting soaked, and having his face lashed with thousands upon thousands of fierce wind-driven raindrops.

V. C.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Benson Biography

The supremacy of Mr. Arthur Benson among literary biographers of to-day is, I imagine, unchallenged, from the point of view of quality, and, perhaps, from the more easily appreciated one of quantity. In a few weeks' time his "Walter Pater" will appear in the "English Men of Letters" series. He has already written the lives of two Archbishops, his illustrious father and the great Laud; and of three poets, Tennyson, Rossetti, and Edward Fitzgerald—the two last also in the Macmillans' famous series; a memoir of Arthur Hamilton; and, during his time as a master at Eton, his old school, a biographic history of that foundation, called "Fast Etonienses." There are few of the more delicate critical minds that are so sane as Mr. Benson's. That he should have been almost equally sympathetic with Tennyson on the one hand and such morbid subjects as Rossetti and Fitzgerald (we shall soon add Pater) on the other is a triumph of magnanimity. Mr. Benson is a considerable poet himself. I hear, too, that the papers he has been writing for the *Cornhill* are coming out in a book soon, with the title, "From a College Window." Mr. Benson is a Fellow of Magdalene College. When may we look for that great collection of Queen Victoria's Letters which he and Lord Esher are editing together?

Mr. Desmond Coke

The young author of *The Bending of a Twig* (Chapman and Hall: 6s.), a tale of the life at Shrewsbury, and other public school and 'Varsity stories

Other Bensons

The late Archbishop Benson's family seem to have been born pen in hand. There is Edward Frederic, who writes the novels, and writes them so carefully—the only man who has succeeded in making the very best people natural in a novel. And there is Father Hugh, of the Catholic Rectory at Cambridge, who has walked, as a novelist, in the footsteps of Shorthouse, but less firmly. Also Miss Margaret Benson, who has written some stories and edited two of the Archbishop's works.

A Misprint

There was an odd misprint in a publisher's advertisement in one of the big—not to say unwieldy—daily papers the other day. It announced a new edition of Borrow's "Wild Tales." For an instant the Borrovian, reading it, may have held his breath at the thought that another work of the master had been unearthed and given to the world. But, of course, it was only the printer's idea of the famous—the magnificent "Wild Wales." It is to come out, I hear, with an introduction by Mr. Watts-Dunton, in Messrs. Dent's new series of reprints, "Everyman's Library." That series is to contain some well-selected books: Froude's "Essays," for example, with an introduction by Mr. Belloc, to whom I delight to give the letters M.P.; and Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria." Huxley's "Essays," too, are an admirable idea. Huxley was one of the great masters of prose in his generation—prose in the grand manner—and if we are to believe, with Mr. Clement Shorter, that to be an educated man one must have read all Froude, I would say that no education was complete that had not included Huxley's "Essays." Even his controversies with Mr. Gladstone about trifles and his attacks on the Salvation Army are well worth reading as models of English.

The Negro Poet

Somebody said of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet who has died at Dayton, Ohio, that he was the only one of his race who had felt life æsthetically and expressed it lyrically. I know of no other coloured writer who could rise up against that judgment. But to other departments of the mind's work the American branch of the negro race has contributed not a few leaders. Dunbar was a lyric poet as certainly as Burns was. Booker Washington is one of the great educationists of history. Frederick Douglas was, even among American orators in the days of American oratory, distinguished. What is possible for the black race these three men and many another have proved. Unfortunately for the future of the United States and of the world, what is possible to a race does not necessarily determine the lines of its social development.

Heine

The general recognition in the literary Press of this country of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Heinrich Heine is a fact that "gives to think." The Schiller centenary, of which so much was made last year, and the attention now paid to Heine may not—let me be candid and say that they certainly do not mean the presence of a great number of persons among us who read German poetry; but

they do mean the existence of a great interest in German literature, a thing of which the British public barely suspected the existence not long ago. A striking peculiarity of the cult of Heine is that it only flourishes outside Germany. There is no parallel case. The French critics place him second only to Victor Hugo. The English have nobody at all to put before him in eminence as a purely lyric genius. But the Germans will not have him—the most vocal and influential of Germans, that is. They cannot help knowing him by heart; he is the spirit of the German language: as Mark Twain noted, the very cats in Germany sing the "Lorelei," and the people know his songs as the Scots know Burns's rougher music. But "official" Germany, from the Court official down to the University professor, will not bear his name, much less honour him or put up a statue to him. The principal reason is the fact that he was a Jew. He and our own Disraeli are the greatest of nineteenth-century Jews in Europe We have no political anti-Semitism. In Germany, anti-Semitism is a fashionable mania. Also Heine believed in the Revolution, and disliked the ascendancy of Prussia: both passports to the disfavour of the House of Hohenzollern. Therefore we have the odd situation of the intellectuals of two great countries combining to heap praises on the memory of a poet whom the literary section of his own countrymen mention with coldness.

"The Fifth Queen"

I have referred several times to the growth of interest in historic women reflected in recent publishing, and I now note Mr. Alston Rivers's interesting announcement of a novel by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, called "The Fifth Queen." This unfortunate No. 5 was Catherine Howard, to whose curious career, I understand, Mr. Hueffer means to devote three novels in all. The subject, from all I remember of her life, is just such a one as Mr. Maurice Hewlett delights in, and calls for very delicate handling indeed, which it did not receive in the reported evidence at the Queen's trial for unfaithfulness to her royal husband. But Mr. Hueffer has shown himself a writer capable of dealing with fine and subtle shades of character and motive.

ECB

Miscellaneous Novelties

Reference was made last week to the public school movement in latter-day fiction, as suggested by the admirable *Bending of a Twig*, a story of Shrewsbury life, by Desmond Coke, a photograph of whom appears on the opposite page, and it is interesting to note that the work has already run into its second edition. In a new *Life of Sir Richard Burton*, by Thomas Wright, to be published soon by Messrs. Everett and Co., many things about the explorer will be made known that his wife concealed. There were sides to Burton's character of which Lady Burton knew little or nothing, and his surviving relatives have now assisted Mr. Wright with material for an exhaustive and trustworthy memoir. The author has also had the assistance of some of the first Arabic scholars of the day, the true story of the translation of "The Arabian Nights" now being told for the first time. The work contains nearly seventy illustrations, many of which are only now made public. The new publishing house of Sisley's (Ltd.) intends to make a speciality of original illustrated books of humour, of which the first appears next month.

Pipe sections as rabbit burrows

The above is the ingenious idea in use at Lord St. Oswald's seat, Nostell Priory, for gratifying the burrowing desires of rabbits. By providing a few sections of disused pipes, cleaned and stuffed with hay, excellent rabbit burrows can be made. The idea, in working order, may be seen above

Waterloo Cup

SCENES AT THE "DOG DERBY"

The Waterloo Cup

The most interesting fact about the Waterloo Cup this year is that Hoprend, the winner, was opposed in the final course by Dividend Deferred, who himself defeated the winner last year. The contest between the two, therefore, was highly exciting. Hoprend's odds, which before the meeting were 1,000 to 110 against, were, before the last course, 75 to 20 on. The coursing, as usual, attracted an enormous crowd, and was held in magnificent weather. The sport left nothing to be desired, and afforded great satisfaction to the coursing world generally. The owner of the winner of the "Dog Derby," Mr. H. Hardy, is a Lancashire man, and the victory is, therefore, most popular in the North.

(1) Hoprend, winner of the Waterloo Cup

(2) Dividend Deferred, the runner-up

(3) The crowd

(4) A course

(5) Mr. Brice, the judge

Golf Notes and Notions

WHEN IS A PUTTING GREEN NOT A PUTTING GREEN?

An Intricate Problem

To the query propounded in the title of this article I can hear my readers vociferously replying "when it is under water." But I have no intention of dealing with the meteorological conditions which have militated so sorely against golf of late. As it is almost impossible to play golf on any of the Metropolitan courses, or, indeed, any inland course, I have thought it a good opportunity for wading into a charmingly intricate problem arising out of the rule defining a putting green. The area of the putting green is defined in the rules as follows: "'The putting green' is all ground within twenty yards of the hole, except hazards."

* * *

A Definition which Deceives

That, at a first glance, seems a perfectly clear definition, and one which ought not to give rise to any doubtful interpretations. Any ball lying within twenty yards of the hole must, under this rule, be considered to be on the putting green unless it happens to be in a hazard within that distance. Now let us suppose that the putting green runs in a rather narrow strip at right angles to the tee from which you have to play for that hole, and let us also imagine that just short of the green there exists a pot bunker. Let us further suppose that none of the ground on the side of the bunker further from the hole is treated by the green-keeper as putting green proper, and is merely given the attention which the ordinary fair green of the course receives as distinct from the special care devoted to putting greens.

* * *

The Magic Twenty Yards

We will further presume, for the purposes of my thesis, that a ball lying with the small bunker intervening between it and the hole, is yet within the magic twenty yards which define the putting green. I am taking no impossible case, as any player will agree who knows the eleventh putting green at St. Andrews, where the hole is placed close to the little round bunker, known locally as "strath." Now, is a ball just short of a bunker and not lying on any part of the putting green proper, but yet within twenty yards of the hole, to be considered as being on the putting green? Is the player, though evidently not on the actual green, yet to be allowed the advantages which may accrue to him from a technical interpretation of the putting green?

* * *

How the "Crux" Arises

Under Rule 22, it is provided that "if a ball at rest be displaced by any agency outside the match, excepting wind, the player shall drop a ball as near as possible to the place where it lay, without penalty. On the putting green the ball shall be replaced by hand, without penalty." Here we can at once see a "crux" arising. Two players are negotiating the supposed hole (those who know it will think of the short hole coming in at St. Andrews), and the ball of one player lying just short of the bunker close to the hole is displaced by an agency outside the match. That player then claims the benefit of Rule 22, and desires to replace his ball by hand instead of dropping it, for he points out that it is within twenty yards of the hole, and, therefore, on the putting green. His adversary at first contests the point, but feels bound to admit, on consulting the rules, that the player's claim must be admitted under a strict interpretation of section (*d*) of Rule 1, which defines the putting green in the words I have quoted at the beginning of this article.

* * *

A Further Difficulty

That being so, we come to a further difficulty which arises from Rule 16 when taken in conjunction with section (*d*) of Rule 1. Two players find their balls lying just short of the same little bunker, one ball being in a direct line between the other ball and the hole and just 6½ inches separating the two balls. Under Rule 16 it is provided that "when the balls lie within six inches of each other on a putting green, or within a club length of each other through the green or in a hazard (the distance to be measured from their nearest points), the ball nearer the hole may, at the option of either the player or the opponent, be lifted until the other is played." In my presumed case the player of the ball further from the hole claims to have his opponent's ball lifted as being within a club length of his ball.

* * *

A Difference of Opinion

His opponent resists his claim, and points out that as the balls are within twenty yards of the hole they are on the putting green, and as more than six inches separate them his ball cannot be lifted. His opponent, therefore, has not only to loft the bunker but has to run the risk, in making the stroke, of striking the adversary's ball with his club and so losing the hole. It is not easy to avoid this danger, I may point out, when negotiating a close stymie, but very difficult when to the stymie is added a nasty little pot bunker over which the ball must also be lofted. There may also arise the question of loose impediments, which may only be removed through the green when within a club length of the ball, but which, on the putting green, may be removed at any point within twenty yards of the hole, irrespective of the position of the ball. Here we have a pretty kettle of fish.

* * *

Better the Old Definition

There can be no question, I think, that under the present rule, in all my supposed cases, the ball must be considered to be on the putting green. There is, therefore, a fault in the present definition of the putting green.

Ernest Lehmann

Golf: London Press v. Cricketers

PLAYED AT MAIDENHEAD LAST WEDNESDAY. MR. G. L. JESSOP'S TEAM WON BY 9¼ POINTS TO 6¼ ON THE DAY'S PLAY

Hal Ludlow (Press), the Welsh Ex-Champion, putting on the last green

G. L. Jessop (Captain of the Cricketers) driving

CRICKETERS AT GOLF

A FEATURE of this match, played at Maidenhead between Mr. G. L. Jessop's team of Cricketing Golfers and the London Press Golfing Society, was the fine play of Mr. Hal Ludlow, the Welsh ex-Champion. Another member of the Press team, Mr. J. L. Paton, gave an excellent account of himself, and the two, playing as partners in the afternoon foursomes, proved far too much for their opponents. Mr. Jessop's team included G. R. Greaves, G. Brann, A. Hart, D. G. Spiro, E. S. Littlejohn, V. F. S. Crawford, P. J. de Paravicini, N. Lane Jackson, and C. P. Foley.

G. R. Greaves (Cricketers)

C. P. Foley (Cricketers) putting on the 6th green

RUGBY ASSOCIATION

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

HOCKEY BADMINTON

Scotland v. Ireland (Rugby)

In the Wales *v.* Scotland Rugby International the eight Scottish forwards so far prevailed against the Welsh seven that it was generally admitted that if the three-quarters had been up to the mark Scotland would probably have won. On Saturday, against Ireland, the superiority of the Scotsmen was even more pronounced, and Maclear had at times to go into the scrum to help the seven Irish forwards. This would seem to show that eight forwards who understand their business should always be more than a match for seven, for there is no doubt that the Irish pack were a smart enough lot. Of course, the New Zealanders may be quoted as an instance to the contrary, but the secret of their success lay in the fact that they always waited for their opponents to pack first, and that each man had his appointed place in the scrum, which he was always allowed to take, no matter how long he might be in getting there. This is quite contrary to the spirit of the game (to say nothing of the rules), and our referees ought never to have allowed it. Another noticeable thing about Saturday's match was that K. G. Macleod did extremely well on the wing, and that he is, perhaps, even more useful in that position than at centre. The closing stages of the game were the most exciting, for after Macleod had made his mark and dropped a goal (having had two previous shots), and had put in a fine cross-kick which Bedell-Sivright nearly turned to account, Ireland suddenly woke up in tremendous fashion, and, in the last four minutes, Parke and Robb both got in, so that Scotland only won in the end by 3 goals (one from a mark) to 2 tries.

S. H. Shoveller, the famous Hockey player

Who exhibited his usual cleverness with his stick as centre forward for the South against the North

(*Copyright of "C. B. Fry's Magazine"*)

Corinthians beat Queen's Park 2-1

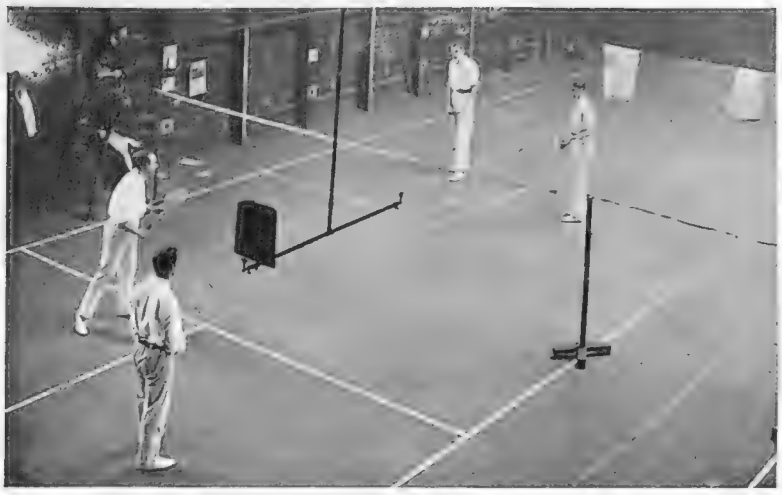
The Amateur International (as it may be termed) at Queen's Club provided a fine exhibition of the very best kind of Soccer. The Corinthians were without Morgan Owen, one of the best halves they have had for years, but nevertheless had much the best of the first half, in spite of grand combination among the Scottish backs, and the play of Stanley Harris can only be described as magnificent. The Queen's Park forwards played a dashing long-passing game, but always found a difficulty in getting through the clever Corinthian defence, of whom Timmis and Hunt were the pick. The Queen's Park halves were also good, especially Nisbet. The second half, though closer, did not reach the high standard of the first, and towards the end the Corinthian shooting went to grief; otherwise they would have been more than one up.

Hockey: Oxford v. Cambridge

In the 'Varsity Hockey match at Surbiton on Wednesday last, the fine play of the Oxford backs was nullified by the weakness of the forwards, whose efficiency as an attacking force was greatly reduced by the inability of Butterworth and Round to take their places on the wings. Their understudies were slow and indecisive, and as the game proceeded this tendency to fiddle about seemed to communicate itself to the whole forward line. The Cambridge forwards, on the other hand, were strong at the very point where Oxford were weakest—on the wing. The first half, though fairly even, was marred by the frequency with which the whistle was blown for fouls and "sticks." At half-time the score was 1-all, Church having scored for

'Varsity Hockey Match: Cambridge wins

Cambridge, on Wednesday, scored a victory of 4 goals to 1 against Oxford, at Surbiton. The noteworthy feature of the game was the fine play of J. K. Hallowes, the Cambridge outside left, who is seen in a run down the field on the right of our picture, which resulted in a goal, one of the three which he gained out of four. For Oxford, Horsfall, the Captain and centre-half, made a brilliant display



Surrey County Badminton Championship at Richmond

The Men's Doubles: Massey and Barnes *v.* Prebble and Wood

Oxford and Goodwin for Cambridge. In the second half, the Cambridge forwards were repeatedly attacking, and although the Oxford halves gave their forwards plenty of openings, they made but little of them, with the result that the Oxford defence had hardly any rest, and naturally weakened somewhat as time went on, whereas the Cambridge backs got plenty of breathers, and were able to deal fairly comfortably with an attack which was seldom dangerous unless developed in the centre. Cambridge accordingly added three more goals, and so won by 4—1.

North v. South

On Saturday, at Surbiton, Butterworth was able to take his place in the North team, and, besides scoring one of their goals, proved quite the best forward on the side; but the combination of the North forward line was not good, and they were particularly weak in the centre, except on the one occasion when Fabel hit their second goal. The Southern forwards, on the other hand, played splendidly together, and Shoveller, whose pace and skill with his stick were quite wonderful, needed so much marking that the men on either side of him, for whom he made plenty of openings, had quite a happy time, and Jordan and Logan scored seven times between them. The general impression was that the South were the better side even to a greater extent than the score (7—2) indicates. There was not a very large attendance of spectators, and it seems doubtful whether hockey is yet sufficiently popular to justify the prices which are at present charged for admission and seats. Unless a seat was procured before the day of the match, one shilling was charged for admission and another shilling for a seat—not under cover.

Badminton

The principal feature of the Hampshire Championships at Southsea was the defeat of the present holders of the All-England Doubles Championship, S. M. Massey and C. T. Barnes. Their conquerors, A. D. Prebble and G. A. Thomas, are a comparatively new combination, for last season Prebble usually partnered H. N. Marrett, the Singles champion, and this pair were beaten by Massey and Barnes in the Championships. This achievement of Prebble and Thomas may, therefore, mean the inauguration of a formidable partnership. Miss Lucas and Miss Thomson appear to be as strong as ever in Ladies' Doubles, but the improvement shown by several of the other principal lady players will invest future Mixed Double contests with considerable interest. An exceptionally strong couple are Miss Hogarth and Thomas, who won the Mixed Doubles at Ryde from the back mark (owe 20), beating Miss Lucas and Barnes (owe 15) in the final. The annual tournament at Richmond is always well supported by the leading players, not only because the Surrey Championships are competed for there, but also because it serves as a very useful preliminary canter to the All-England Championship Meeting, which commences to-day at the London Rifle Brigade headquarters in Bunhill Row, and Saturday's meeting was as successful as its predecessors.

A Book for Fishermen

Mr. Horace Cox announces the publication in a few days of a well-illustrated work, price 10*s.* 6*d.*, entitled "Chats on Angling," by Captain Hart Davis. It contains chapters in praise of the dry-fly, some dry-fly maxims, education of the south country trout, evening rise, jack, the may-fly, the angler and ambidexterity, loch fishing, dopping for trout, grayling fishing, salmon fishing, etc. On all these subjects the author writes with authority, for he is an angler of great skill and experience. Interwoven with many practical hints are charming descriptions of days which have been enjoyed by such rivers as the rushing Awe or the gliding Test.

Surrey County Badminton Tournament at Richmond: A group of lady competitors

Bottom Row (*sitting, left to right*): Miss Hogarth, Miss Bateman, Miss Lucas, Miss Boothby, Miss D. K. Douglass

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The mind modistic promises to be obsessed this year by the sense of colour and colour harmonies. Commencing with small, but daring touches of contrasting relief, we shall work up to the most amazing mingling of tones Both pink and yellow are to be granted a full share of recognition, alike for day and evening wear. Grey and yellow is always a delightful alliance, and will be enhanced by discreet *soupçons* of pale mauve. Schemes of mauves and pinks are rendered as varied and seductive as ingenious minds can contrive, while the very latest recruit to the *galère* is a curious pastel tint, termed "clay." This comes more or less under the head of the biscuit species, and, by reason of its wholly original flavour, will vie seriously with the ubiquitous champagne. In chiffon velvet, such a delicate shade looks particularly well—also in cloth, but I doubt exceedingly any success following an attempt in diaphanous stuffs.

The Harmonising Blouse

And talking of colours reminds me to point out the exceeding value of *crêpes de chine* that prevail in all the best and latest approved shades, arranged with a view of meeting the already insistent demand for slips, toning to a nicety with the skirts of corselet *genre.*

Paris has got one of its characteristic crazes over a lovely powder blue, a note the milliners have seized with much avidity. A mushroom hat of brown

A representative example of the new blurred check

Drawn by K. Pic del Young

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

TWO ELEGANT ASPECTS OF THE EVENING CORSAGE.

The back view partakes more of the character of a blouse, and represents a model effected in cream mousseline de soie, and tinted blonde lace, a mass of *bébé* edging laid in close frills one above the other being wholly responsible for the V-shaped piece inserted back and front. The high skeleton waist-belt of black or coloured ribbon is exceptionally happy, and the idea is that this soft fluffy little arrangement shall accompany a simple, rather severe skirt of satin.

11 Guineas

THE COMPLETE DRESS.

The companion model depicts a very attractive suggestion for arranging an evening bodice of soft satin, or Louisine, in Louis XV. fashion, some slight draperies from beneath the arm modifying the severity of the outline, the fronts opening over a lace stomacher, caught across with velvet straps and tiny buttons of lace, a fichu of lace softening the [illegible] over some delicate *demanté* embroidery.

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.

Yedda, ruched with brown tulle, was raised high at the back on a glorious ostrich plume of this favourite *nuance*, while a toque, formed entirely of little frills of gathered ivory Valenciennes, carried an immense wing mount that stood out far beyond the head.

Belts and Buttons

The belt, as I prophesied, is undergoing a marked change, the general tendency, it goes without saying, being toward corselet effects. A quantity of ribbon will be worn, mounted on light foundations, that can now be bought ready shaped and in a wide range of fancies. To the girl possessed of the "faking" mind, backed by deft fingers, these ribbon opportunities are ever the greatest possible joy. They are quite inspiring, and open to individual effort, and *La Mode* is graciously disposed, in this respect, to allow every licence, the final adjustment of the ends resting wholly on individual taste and inclination.

One representative West End house is making a speciality of *ombré* elastic *ceintures*, studded with cut steel and ornamented back and front with handsome buckles; and I have been shown, quite as a privilege, a fancy that is just about to be put on the market of *souple* leather embroidered in ribbon-work. There is a great feeling for ribbon-work, by the way, in many directions, the most fascinating floral effects being wrought in this manner, not in the erstwhile finicking fashion, but the ribbon actually being drawn through the material as though it were embroidery silk. As a great deal of ground is covered in a short time, and bold designs mostly affected, the cost of this particular type of ribbon embroidery is not at all excessive, and it certainly comes as a most refreshing change from the raised chiffon work, of which, to speak frankly, we are all growing just a little weary.

The Sleeve versus Sense

Before the certain storm I bow my head in all humility, but the short elbow sleeve, for day wear, unaccompanied by some extraneous under affair, is pleasing me less and less. The more one sees of it the more wholly unpractical it appears to be. At luncheon parties we have to wrestle with refractory gloves, the hand part whereof is tucked under the wrist. At tea, with a fortitude worthy of a higher cause, we manœuvre sugary and buttery cakes gingerly about their edges, and every week view a glove bill increasing out of all proportion to the rest of our attire; and all because we are unwilling slaves to a stupid fashion.

Carried just three inches below the elbow, the inartistic, undressed appearance that I object to is entirely obviated; or, failing that, then I would in all mercy pray that we snap our fingers at a wholly futile vogue, and make much of the subterfuge of extraneous under-sleeves.

Every faith—and I could sing a pæan of thankfulness for it—may be placed on the adaptable *gigot*. Elbow, three quarter length, or carried to the wrist, this is an assured style, and, to my thinking, saves what might otherwise prove an almost impossible situation.

A "chic" toque of lace and velvet

Drawn by K. Pleystel Young

Colours and the Caracos Coat

Mauves and greys evince a big disposition to carry all before them, and although these will undoubtedly acquire an appreciable share of attention, there will be some serious rivalry to contend with in the case of an old-world snuff-brown, verging on a mustard shade *chaudron*, and several quite novel reds, of the dull red-currant order. Pink corals go so well with some of the new violet shades of cloth, and form a quite conspicuously interesting feature of the hour, while the craze for coral has quite caught on.

The Caracos coat is only our old familiar friend the short sacque, just the little more than the bolero, that has quite incontinently caught the eye and taste of the "*chic* Parisienne." For the Sunny South many of these coats have gone forth, fashioned of velvet, for wearing with skirts—corselet skirts for the most part—of cloth, and represent the *habillée* confection, enhanced with ruffles of lace to the elbow sleeves and cunning touches of embroidery. Others, again, are severe to simplicity, and are expressed in cloth, *en suite* with the *jupe*, braid, or velvet, and the inevitable embroidery effecting the requisite finish and charm.

The Early Spring costume pictured is a representative example of the fashionable blurred check in delicate tones of grey, shading to chestnut, the velvet touches accentuating the latter note.

A very *chic* little toque of cream lace and powder-blue velvet, with clever twisted *chou* of chiffon and velvet, forms the subject of our second picture.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

The Nursery Soap

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

What the Country is Paying for Foreign Cars

Sir J. H. A. Macdonald has done much for motorists. In recognition of his services as President of the Scottish Automobile Club, and to motorists in general, the members of the Western section of the Club gave a dinner in his honour at Glasgow last week. Sir Herbert Maxwell proposed his health, and, in reply, Sir John had something to say about foreign cars. In spite of the great advance which our home manufactures have latterly made, the English public is still paying no less than £10,000 a day for foreign cars. When one considers that a large proportion of the cost of a car is labour, this is the more regrettable. Those about to buy, and still uncertain as to the type that they will favour, might well remember how a purchaser of an all-British car helps the British workman.

Able to Meet the Demand

While from all accounts our home factories devoted to the production of the motor-car are flourishing, yet they can execute orders in a reasonable time. Several of the most prominent ones have now got their plant and organisation into such efficient condition that they can deliver promptly. There are signs that the delay and uncertainty hitherto attendant on the purchase of a chassis are to be abolished. So far as the Napier cars are concerned, this Company are prepared to agree to pay a very heavy penalty on any orders which they take if they are not delivered absolutely to the day arranged. This is a distinct improvement on ordinary practice. Hitherto, many of the fashionable makers have been anything but businesslike. The customer had to pay at least a third of the price in advance, with no certainty of delivery. He got his car when it suited the maker. Such an unbusinesslike state of things, of course, could not last. When it was all demand and no supply, of course, the poor buyer had to submit. As supply increases and becomes more adequate to the demand, the making of motor-cars will follow ordinary business lines. It is pleasing to find that an English firm first sets an example.

Mr. Glidden Still Globe-Circling

Any ordinary person having once motored round the world would have given it a rest. Not so Mr Glidden, who is still globe-circling. At present he is in India. After motoring from Bombay to the Khyber Pass, he crossed Northern India, following the Grand Trunk Road from the Ganges to Calcutta. On the same car, this devoted motorist has travelled no less than 30,000 miles, a distance greater than anyone has yet succeeded in driving any one car. One wonders what he has got to say about the cost of motoring. An accurate account of his expenditure would be most interesting. On a British car he is, of course, using British tyres. In the mountainous regions of the Afghan

A Motor Tour Round the World: The old and the new

Mr. Glidden's Napier, which has now covered thirty thousand miles, beside a "two ox-power" cart

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(1874.)

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Speedometer v. Policeman

frontier are to be found some of the steepest gradients and worst roads that a pneumatic has yet met with. But whatever the roads and whatever the temperature, Mr. Glidden is quite satisfied with his Dunlop tyres. Motorists are accustomed to find fault with their tyres; but, taken all round, they are fairly trustworthy. Uncertain and capricious in its early days, a bad name still clings to the air tyre. Nowadays, with fair treatment, an outer cover from any of the leading tyre-makers will do a surprising amount of work. This, perhaps, is the reason why the tyre trials arranged by the Automobile Club have been so poorly supported. Starting on March 1, but one maker will be represented. The cars—a 28 h.-p. Daimler, a 20 h.-p. Rolls-Royce, and a 20 h.-p. Denniss—will be the cars used, but they will all be fitted with Colliers. Two of these cars will be shod with the ordinary pattern Colliers, but the Denniss will use a new model with a beaded edge. While with but one entrant the tyre trials will be a farce, some interest will be taken in the speedometer trials, which take place at the same time. Ever since some motorist got off because his speedometer told quite a different tale to the policeman's watch, I have felt disposed to buy one. The trials tell us the best pattern. Much as additional complication and unnecessary addition to a car are to be deprecated, a machine which will persuade a magistrate to disbelieve a policeman is worth having. The particular pattern which stands first after the Club trials will have an assured character for accuracy, which ought to be useful in Court.

Motors for Ambulance Work

For some time past the council of the St. Andrews Ambulance Association in Glasgow have had under consideration the question of pressing the petrol motor into their service. The question, naturally, demanded careful and critical examination, as the first essential for an ambulance vehicle is that it shall not be easily liable to breakdown or other derangements. After weighing up the pros and cons, and examining the designs and mechanical details of a number of leading makes, the council have placed an order with the Argyll Company for a 16-20 h.-p. chassis with specially-designed body. In the internal arrangements of the vehicle a number of modifications will be introduced to suit the special work, largely on the initiative of Mr. A. T. Reid, of Hydepark, and Colonel H. J. Barnes, R.A.M.C., secretary of the association.

Scotch Cars in India

Talking of the Argylls reminds me that they did uncommonly well in India. In the trials carried out by the Motor Union of Western India, only two Argyll cars were entered. Both were successful, a 10-12 h.-p. winning in Class B (cars over £250 and and not exceeding £450), and securing two cups; and a 16-20 h.-p. Argyll coming in first in Class C (over £450 and up to £600), taking the Motor Union Challenge Shield and a challenge cup.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Lord and Lady Llangattock

They are enthusiastic motorists, and the parents of the Hon. C. S. Rolls. Lord Llangattock does not drive himself, but his secretary, Captain Spiller, often takes the wheel

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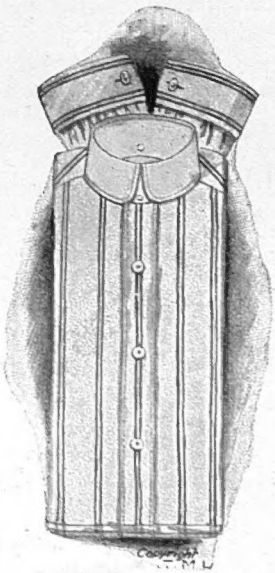

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W.E.S.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Of what value is a mother's influence on her boys, and how long should it last. This discussion, first brought into being at a lecture on Plato given by Dr. Emil Reich, has naturally aroused deepest interest in those whom (after the boys) it chiefly concerns, namely, mothers with sons. School makes the first break; therefore, the general opinion favoured the view that with the absolute control the absolute influence of the mother necessarily ceased. The first ten years, it is assumed, are her property, to be used with all the strength of influence she can bring to bear upon them as the only entire possession of her son's mind she will ever have—to be used, therefore, in creating impressions strong enough to remain with him as an antidote against the undesirable influences he is bound to meet. But, personally, I would rather say that these ten years should be a mere novitiate for the stronger and more lasting influence which a boy may, and often *does*, receive from his mother as he grows to manhood.

Then, again, I fancy we over-estimate the receptive powers of the first year's of a child's life. As a rule, children are difficult to impress with—well, those things which do not *naturally* impress them, and in no place do we find such a variety of ideas and "hold your own against all the world" course of action as among the rebels of a nursery. Therefore, the mother's influence, though undisturbed by outward opposition, is not nearly so absolute as she would fain believe. But directly children wake up to the power of selection, this influence, good even while it guided them blindly, becomes invaluable. Before, they took it because it was there; now, they take it because it is in itself good and attractive, and in proportion as they value it does it become of more service.

It is true that once the break of school life comes, the mother, to a certain extent, has to begin as a stranger with her son; the boy is now capable of receiving or neglecting, and he sometimes does one, sometimes the other. There are two things which usually decide whether or not she shall retain her position: first, it depends upon what use she has made of the ten years; secondly (though first in importance), it depends upon her own character and capability—for some people have no idea how to arrange their own lives in orderly fashion, much less be of service to a somebody outside. Should these two conditions be favourable, she has every chance of retaining, if not absolute, at least *first* influence, until the boy is grown up and his character entirely formed; for respect and affection on his side, and wisdom on hers, will sustain a relationship already strong enough not to be easily supplanted.

But there is another, and that a purely natural, reason, why a boy should be receptive to his mother's influence. She is the parent with the greater power over him: he has *her* character, is inclined to *her* tastes, sympathetic to *her* views. It has always been so. The cases of great fathers with great sons are conspicuously rare. When a genius shows himself in the world, and, as the penalty of originality, is dissected, discussed, and wondered at, it is always to his mother the dissectors go. The mothers of remarkable men form the topic of a dozen articles, while their fathers are left in repose; and the investigations result almost invariably in the discovery of remarkable women; while frequently there is added an unusual bond of sympathy between mother and son.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

Caviar
Clear Oxtail Soup
Salmon Trout
Small Fillets of Beef, with Olive Sauce
Ducklings Green Peas New Potatoes
Compôte of Oranges Fancy Pastry
Devilled Sardines
Coffee Liqueurs Dessert

Oxtail Soup

One oxtail, two quarts second stock, or water, three carrots, one turnip, two onions, half stick celery, bay, parsley, herbs, peppercorns, salt, 2 oz. of butter. Wipe the oxtail very clean, cut through every joint with a sharp knife, fry the pieces brown in 2 oz. of butter. Afterwards fry the onions, cut in rings. Put the stock, or water, in a stewpan, add the pieces of tail and salt. Let it come to the boil, skim it well, add the vegetables, herbs, parsley, let it simmer four hours, strain it, put the pieces of tail in a basin by themselves. Next day remove all fat from the stock, trim the pieces of tail, remove every scrap of fat and skin. Heat and serve with the pieces of oxtail in it. Add a glass of sherry and season to taste.

Salmon Trout

Melt 3 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, some mace, cayenne, and nutmeg, lay in the fish after it has been cleaned and wiped perfectly dry, shake it in the pan that it may not stick, and when lightly browned on both sides, pour in equal parts (about three-quarters of a pint) of strong real gravy and claret; stew the fish very gently from half to three-quarters of an hour, thicken the sauce, flavour with lemon-juice, and pour over the fish.

Small Fillets of Beef with Olive Sauce

Trim, flatten, and pare the fillets into oval shapes, season them with salt and pepper, brush them with clarified butter and boil them over a clear, brisk fire; arrange them in a chain round a very hot dish and pour into the centre the olive sauce. For the sauce, remove the stones from some French or Italian olives by paring the fruit close to them, round and round in the form of a corkscrew—they will be their original shape when done. Weigh 6 oz. thus prepared, throw them into boiling water, let them blanch for five minutes, then drain and throw them into cold water, and leave them in it for a short time, drain them well and stew them gently from fifteen to twenty-five minutes in a pint of very rich brown gravy, add the juice of half a lemon and serve very hot.

Compôte of Oranges

Peel the rind from half a dozen oranges as thinly as possible, then divide into halves, and remove all the white pith. Boil 8 oz. of sugar with half a pint of water for five minutes; then put in the oranges very gently, and boil for another five minutes. Remove the oranges to a compôte dish, add a glass of liqueur (Curaçoa for preference), strain over the fruit, and serve, This compôte is delicious either hot or cold. In either case it can be served with the addition of whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with either vanilla or orange-flower water. EMILIA.

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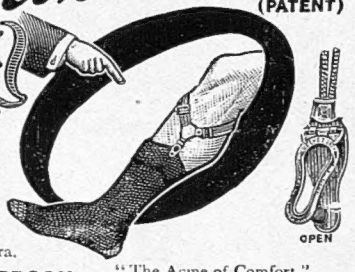

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"There is a genuine tenderness in her work, real sentiment without sentimentality, and an atmosphere of unspoiled rural life, which is as good a tonic as a week in the country."—**The Bookman.**

"It has that pastoral sweetness which we find in all her works, and is certainly one of the new books to place on your library list."—**The Bystander.**

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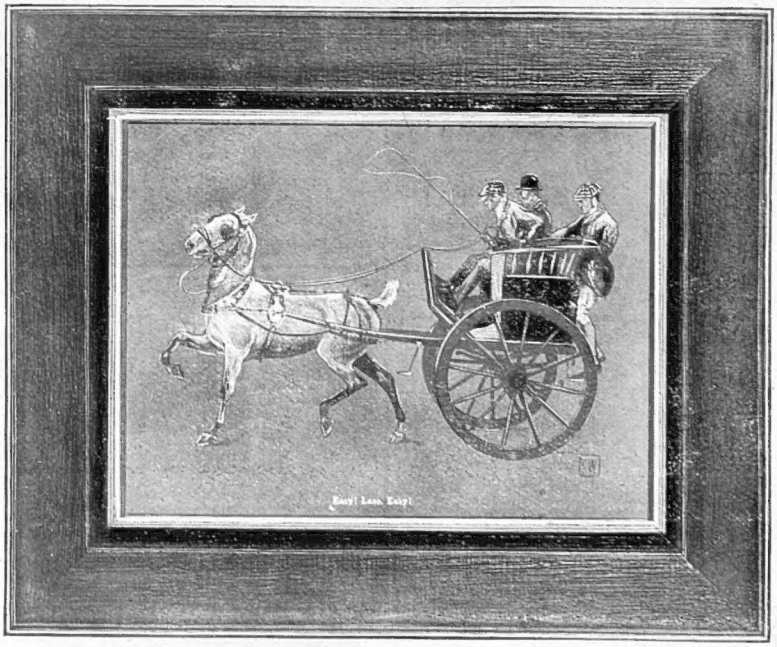

This will make an excellent addition to the billiard-room gallery of Sporting Prints.

After the issue (which cannot be reprinted) is exhausted, it will be on sale at printseller's price, **2s. 6d.**

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The Editor's Box

Mr. Tree as a Waxwork

Very frequently of late Mr. John Tussaud has been seen at the back of the dress circle of His Majesty's Theatre. Upon making inquiries regarding these many visits it was ascertained that he is at work upon a portrait model of Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Nero. This statue will soon be added to the lifelike and popular collection of figures at Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition, next to Baker Street Station.

Haymarket Theatre

Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, is among the most consistent, as well as enthusiastic, motorists of which the theatrical profession can boast. He holds the proud record of not having once put his foot inside a train, except on two occasions, since he first procured his 20 h.-p. Napier, which he has had over three years. He performs all his journeys in his own car, and runs forward and back from the Haymarket Theatre to his country home at Hazlemere without any thought about "catching the next train," or worrying about cabs or other minor inconveniences of travel. He is rapidly converting Mr. Charles Hawtrey to becoming an ardent motorist, and with the chief actor in *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury* is frequently seen *en route* for a breath of country air.

Book Notes

The new volume of Thackeray Essays, the announcement of which has already attracted some considerable interest, was published on Tuesday, February 27, by Alston Rivers, Ltd., under the title of "The New Sketch Book." Mr. Robert Singleton Garnett (who is responsible for this literary find, and has edited the volume, contributing an introduction and appendices) is a son of Dr. Richard Garnett.

A new edition of Sir Harry Johnston's famous work, "The Nile Quest," will be issued next week in "The Story of Exploration" series, edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL.D. The publishers, Alston Rivers, Ltd., are also issuing a second impression of Mr. Thomas Cobb's very successful new novel, "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation."

Mr. Andrew Lang has just completed a Life of Joan of Arc to be included in a new series entitled "The Children's Heroes," which Messrs. Jack are about to issue. The little volumes, of which fifteen are already in active preparation, are somewhat on the lines of their now famous "Told to the Children" series. The latter series is also to be much increased during the present year, several new volumes being on the eve of publication.

Mr. William Heinemann will publish immediately a volume of Japanese studies by A. Herbage Edwards, entitled, "Kakemono." The book is divided into sections, dealing with the faith, art, and character of the people, and of the land in which they live, and the author, who has lived for many years among the Japanese, has made a most successful study of the soul of this fascinating and interesting nation.

Mr. Heinemann published on the 14th inst. a novel entitled, "Blue Jay," by a new novelist, Miss Peggy Webling. The story, which begins with a sketch of the life of a boy acrobat in a travelling circus, contains vivid pictures of professional life in England and America, and is told with both humour and charm.

The demand for Mrs. Hurston's new novel, "The Gambler," has been very brisk. The first edition of 25,000 copies was exhausted on publication, and the call for the book, which continues, will be met to some extent by a second edition of 10,000 copies that Messrs. Hutchinson have at press.

Mr. Maingy's Recital

A very distinguished patronage, headed by H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and H.S.H. the Princess of Monaco, was granted to the recital which Mr. Guy Maingy, baritone (better known as "Sopra") and Mr. Robert Hilton (by kind permission of Mr. H. B. Tree) gave on Tuesday afternoon, February 20, when they were assisted by Miss Kathleen Parlow, the Canadian violinist. This recital took place at Prince's Rooms (Prince's Restaurant), where Mr. Louis Hillier, who is responsible for the artistic arrangements, originated his series of "Drawing Room Concerts" in 1902.

Soups

Such a subject may seem very prosaic, yet the soups we propose to deal with have a story.

Consider for a moment how soup is, as a rule, made, generally by placing scraps of meat, bone, etc., called "stock," in a saucepan with cold water, and gradually boiling, flavouring and thickening being added as required.

Now this seemed to Messrs. Lazenby and Son, Ltd., a very cumbersome and extravagant method, and they set to work to try and devise some means of simplifying this process. At length the idea of consolidating the substance of soup into little squares which would only require the addition of boiling water to produce most excellent soup, struck them, and they found that it was possible to produce them in thirteen varieties, each little square containing its own nutritious meat, delicious vegetables, and flavouring matter.

The advantages of employing such a method of soup-making are obvious. Firstly, you can always have at hand a means of preparing your favourite soup in a moment; secondly, a great deal of waste of material is saved; thirdly, the quality of the soup is assured and risk of failure obviated.

It is hardly necessary to state that this innovation has been widely welcomed by many ladies, but there are still many more whom Messrs. E. Lazenby and Son, Ltd., shortly hope to convince of the great utility and economy of their Soup Squares.

Our Coloured Supplement

With this issue we are presenting a Coloured Supplement, entitled, "The Golden Age of Youth," by Miss Hilda Cowham, whose humorous work in black and white is known to our readers.

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